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Selections.

SERVILE INSURRECTION.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

From The Knickerbocker Magazine.

AND now the war is coming upon us in tremendous earnest. The gale of marching myriads has long sounded in our ears, the pattering of bullet-drops is not strange to us—we only wait the blinding flash of lightning and the crashing thunder-roar which tell that the whole North, roused to *fury*, has been impelled to the inevitable extreme which alone can clear the atmosphere of its fearful foulness. In God's name—let it go! We are ready.

The leading journals of the country, taking their cue from the bolder minds who were first to "master the situation," and fearlessly proclaim the inevitable result toward which we are drifting, are beginning to counsel a freer and stronger policy on the part of government and of the public. People are breathing more boldly and breaking their old bonds of cant and prejudice with the all-smashing hammer of *facts*. Timidity, gabble and gammon, are at a discount, and the old fear of "abolition" and of "exasperating the South," seems to sensible men the paltry phantom of a "screeching ghostliness," which, in popular parlance, is "about played out." In the West, Fremont the Pathfinder has cut the Gordian knot with a rip and a slash which went with a thrill of joy to every heart. In the East, LL.D. Russell, who is rapidly learning a thing or two, proclaims most intelligently that "for good or for evil, the issue between North and South is rapidly approaching to that which the South predicted and feared, and the North at first disavowed and does not now altogether accept: the struggle if it continues will be narrowed to a strife between slavery and abolition." And as it becomes apparent to every one, that whoever wins or loses, *the thing has gone too far now to admit of any other than an emancipative solution*—people are becoming really astonished to find how easily their minds expand to great truths and a new status. When we shall *all* have become daring enough and great-minded enough to see this struggle and its result free from all old party prejudices, then it will be "all up with the South."

Let us try to master the situation—see things *as they are*, without wandering off to side-issues. It may be, that long before these lines meet the eye of the reader, a terrible battle will have been fought, and cries of joy or woe have rung over the land. But the end will not be yet. Government may have followed public opinion up to the point of freeing the slaves of rebels. But the end will not be yet. Government may go further still, and with a righteous besom of wrath sweep the curse out of the border tobacco States, and leave them free to take rank among civilized countries. But the end will not be yet. It *might* be here, if the South chose. Just where they now stand an apocalyptic heaven-flash of common sense—a miracle—*might*, by inducing the South to implore peace and go home to a "slaveownia," reduced to cotton-dom, avert the stupendous disaster which now hangs over them. But dark, dreadful, damnable, I see the inevitable horror—awful to me as to the South—creeping up sluggishly from the swampy poison-land—the dim devil-spectre of SERVILE REBELLION!

When emancipation, for the sake of the white man, and *not* of the negro, and *not* on "abolition" grounds, was first urged in these pages, it was received with incredulity and objection from vigorous minds of *all* sides. Since then it has been freely discussed as a national measure and as an inevitable expediency. If *promptly* acted on, in connection with certain other war measures, it may even yet—nay, very probably will—serve to settle the great problem. But the action must be very prompt, nay, more, it must be executed in connection with certain other administrative and military measures, the whole requiring a comprehensive and *energetic* talent of the very highest, nay, of the most unusual nature—on the part of government.

That emancipation will be a terrible weapon against the South, no one doubts. Within two days' foot-travel of Mason and Dixon's line are nearly one million blacks! Suppose Canada brought down to Mason and Dixon's—as it has been effectually for some years to a few thousand negroes in Delaware and Maryland—and many more than a million will become as Delaware slaves now are, practically more than half free. A Delaware slave, who lives within an afternoon's run of the underground railroad is treated like a white farm laborer, and is a very different person from a Virginia "field-hand." That he is insolent, lazy and miserable, is nothing to the purpose. That he is inferior to a white servant, is nothing to the purpose. If their masters prefer them, let them. But there should be no robbery of Union-loving slaveholders on the border. Pay such men for their slaves, exacting the strongest guarantees of their fidelity. The debt will be enormous, I doubt not. But a more effective means of building up a Union party in the South does not exist. Those who wish to be *paid* for their chattels will at once stand opposed to the rest, *and a Union party be formed*. Let this be remembered. Let the payments be like those now made in the South for large transfers of slaves, *in instalments*, the subsequents to be contingent, in our bargain, on good conduct on the part of those to whom they are due. Those who will not sell their slaves to government will, in all probability, at once send them down to cotton-dom, which will, by getting them cheap, have yet another laugh on their tobacco border dupes. Let the tiger-cat's paw be by this method amputated, and we need have no fear of the old cotton cat. There, down in their rattlesnake and yellow fever realm, the "*élite*" may plan and plot Mexican conquests forever. Since the war begun, thousands of slaves have already been sent further South to avoid their total loss. The numbers which would be sent after them in case of a declaration of emancipation would materially diminish the amount which we should be called upon to pay for the remainder.

But as ninety-nine Southerners in a hundred, when one speaks of free labor on plantations, begin at once to talk about *rice* fields, just so do many Northerners, when emancipation is proposed, begin with a doleful cry as to what shall be done with one or two, or say three million free blacks? In heaven's name, can nobody rise above the consideration of the welfare of two or three million *negroes* when the dignity and prosperity of twenty or thirty million of WHITE MEN are at stake!! Just now there are in the South four million negroes who degrade, provincialize and vulgarize, thrice their number of whites, while they are a curse and a torment to twenty million of the most advanced of white men in the North. A pretty scruple of conscience this, and a nice donkey side-gate to strain at, while we make no bones of the great camel porta! of a war! But the free blacks will starve!. Well, *let* them starve! Better that than starvation for all of us. Do you believe, potterer and doughface, that the South is going to *turn back!* As well expect the roaring tornado to turn back from its course. But really there will not be any starvation or un-manageability in the case. White labor will flow in, scattered here and there even a few millions of lazy, miserable blacks, will vanish—as they have done in the city of New York. The day of emancipation will be the beginning of the salvation of Virginia, a State which should, and shall yet be, as glorious in prosperity as she is beautiful by nature, and has been eminent in history. From the day in which the filthy curse of slavery is removed from her, her land will rise twenty per cent. per annum. Mark the prophecy. I know now of more than one Virginia landholder who has urged this war on because he foresees its *inevitable* termination, and in it his own augmented prosperity.

I call this the *inevitable* termination, because I see that every victory, either of the North or the South, portends increased exasperation, and an approach to emancipation. The Fugitive Slave law is dead as a door-nail, and the coming results of its death are plain to every one. But unless we give in to this fact, nay, even if we proclaim emancipation, as we *shall*, and unless the North speedily cooperate with the South to settle the trouble, I see a storm rising which may yet settle everything with fire and blood. I have spoken: I mean servile insurrection. While we are fighting, strangling, ravaging, and starving on the border, the devil is raising his head away down South in Dixie. It is not the petty knowledge of the daily habits of the black which in such tremendous times as these can avail to prevent the comprehension of a great, unavoidable, horrible truth. No use to tell me that Joe, and Cuff, and Yellow Bob, are going to fight along with old master. You fools! Do not you yourselves say that the negro is a mere grown child, an inferior animal, a black blunderhead, given to impulse? Well, I do not deny it. But by the power of vengeance, if he *is* so, look out for yourselves! Are there not in Carolina, as in Guinea, here and there on every large plantation, what you call "tonguey niggers"? Is this great black mass entirely without leaven? Does it not sweep into wars, revolts, and Satan's own carnivals even in Africa? Will not some "tonguey nigger" here and there, some fine day, start some mad Obeah notion—some crazed blood-and-bones, half Methodist, half African frenzy, which will go rolling on like a wave over the fire-sea of an inferno? Just at present they have caught up your military anti-Northern frenzy. Do you not think that your own madness will pass over to them, and take a *negro* form? A gang of monkeys know enough for such hideous pranks; when a thousand negroes find in one spot that they are too strong for the home guard, then the gunpowder goes!

Could I speak to the South, I would implore them to avert this demon's drama. I contemplate it with a fear and awe which would counsel *any* measure, however desperate, to avert it. Of late weeks information from those now most practically familiar with the state of the plantations in cotton-dom, has poured into me—*not* from Abolitionists—and the blackness of desolation which the calmest view *must* take from such facts is terrific. It is not that an overseer has been murdered here, or a gang been refractory there; it is the *suppressed conviction* in so many intelligent Southern minds of WHAT IS COMING, which awes me. Woe, woe, woe to the South! When the whole intelligent white mind of a continent is rolling in convulsions, tearing up society to its roots, overwhelming fortunes, ways of life, *lives*, turning priests to warriors, women to men; can it be expected that the fierce, half animal, vindictive negro will escape? Happy! Yes, he *is* happy—as a gorilla in a cocoa-nut tree. And the gorilla, when he is "mad," drives the lion and tiger before him, just as the wild blacks of San Domingo overwhelmed superior numbers of the old French troops, whose mustaches had grown gray in the wars of the republic.

Woe, woe, woe to the South! Do you think, Southerners, that *these* are hard times? Wait and you shall see such disaster as humanity never dreamed of, not when Goth or Vandal ravaged Rome. May God avert it! but I cannot forget that there is a God, and that years of such fearful insolence of oppression and of outrageous sneers at the very ground principles of humanity, as taught by Jesus Christ, must call for some expiation. O my countrymen all! for the love of that God, forget something of these past wrongs, and *act quickly and promptly*. In mercy to the South, and for the credit of our common humanity, rally and prevent this coming evil. Limit it by emancipation, abridge it by the most strenuous and energetic measures in war. For their own sakes, as well as ours, conquer the South speedily. Strike, strike furiously, by land and sea. Fast and deep—cut and scarify—capture every seaboard town, at any and every sacrifice; hold to the West, pour down your legions from the North, pour in your millions of money—all that a man hath will he give for his life—ah! yes, and if he had fairly *slain* a brother in battle, even as much as being that brother's keeper in life.

Woe, woe, woe unutterable to the South unless its career be speedily checked! Of all the curses ever dreamed of, its victories over the North will be the cursedest. When this bloody drama first swept on, I prayed and hoped for Northern success as an impulse to the holy cause of free labor and of progress. But now I await it in agony as the preventive to such a diabolical disaster as will rend the heart even of an enemy, and make Christendom stand aghast. *Act*, men of the North—come down by millions—pour out blood and gold—do anything, *everything* to avert these horrors. Strengthen the brave McClellan—let your press and your orators urge border State emancipation as the greatest public measure; let there be waves on waves of fresh enthusiasm for the war; be fierce and wild if you will, for verily if you are to have a fatherland united and free from the greatest horror of history, nothing less will save you. And you, O women of the North! regard this crisis with your dear womens' hearts in its deepest home significance. If you would see peace, aid war. The more you urge and aid now, the sooner will you have the dear ones again with you. But oh! above all, remember that for the sake of your foes themselves, you should do all in your power to overcome them. It is but the subduing of a delirious patient for his own good.

Woe, woe to the South! Not by my will, not by thine, but by that of a terrible avenging destiny. Ah! there is good cause to fear that all is well nigh too late. The supine, dilly-dallying, palliative course which our government once pursued, is now bearing its crop of curses thick and fast. He who saw in a vision hell uncovered, and the fiends streaming on in dense torrent toward the doomed city, saw nothing more horrible than what clear, impartial, common sense sees sweeping toward the devoted South-land. Let those who wonder at the fearful majesty of the fate of the old Greek drama, which rolled in solemn horror down over the doomed generations under a mythic malediction, now look upon a greater and more stupendous catastrophe than Æschylus ever dreamed of. Whoso shedddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed. But *what* murder is here meant? I tell you that there is a deeper murder than that of the body—the slaughter of the soul, the crushing down of human dignity, the reviling of FREE LABOR, the preaching of mud-sill doctrines, the sneering at poor humble toil, the mocking of white serfs, the crushing out of poor sufferers in the social scale, the breaking utterly of those whom God has already bruised. *This* is the murder spoken of, *this* is what Jesus Christ, the first great *democrat*—I speak in all reverence—spoke against and died for. In every form, theoretically and literally, you have for an age practised this art of murder on your slaves at home, and not less bitterly, when you dared, on us, who were allied to you. Your legislators treated ours as the representatives of menials and mechanics. Your whole word and work from *alpha* to *omega*, was a cursing of the poor. *The poor!* His children, your humble, lowly brothers! Did you see no storm gathering slowly far in the distance? Had you no faith in the awful and mysterious law of nature as of God, which brings all at last to a level? Know you no compensation? Now the hour has come.

Not but that we too of the North have sinned, and are to have some punishment. Merchandising to the swallowing up of the soul; dollar-hunting even to a proverb; out Jew-ing the Jew, and shaming the Gentile; displaying the shallowest and most pretentious Pharisaism; forgetting the beautiful in mere mammoned ostentation; suffering all possible scoundrelism in the councils of every city; defiling every legislative body with a lobby; knowing and suffering justice to become such a mockery, as it has been and *is* in this very New York; tolerating officials who should grace the gallows; smiling tolerantly on open humbug; encouraging journals to become common sewers; making divinities of apes, knaves, and fat-headed Philistines, who had piled together fortunes; elevating any "popular" demagogue above men gifted with pure genius—all of these, my friends, form a black bead-roll, and for these you must suffer. There must be a thunder storm to clear the air; thank God, this war is rapidly enough raising your minds to a higher standard, and inspiring you with great and noble ideas. But of the *great* sin I acquit you; you have not depreciated LABOR, nor cursed the poor. *There* your hands are the cleanest in the world, and for that I love you. No boy, however wretched or humble, has been without a chance among you to rise as high as the highest. For that, God bless you! In the shallowest, vainest, most would-be-aristocratic society of your cities, there is more tenderness toward misfortune, and less blunt allusion to "inferiors" than can be found elsewhere in the world. You don't talk of a *canaille* or of "mud-sills," and it is no flattery to call you both great and good-hearted. For all that, God bless you! You have given the widest scope to new inventions, new projects, new theories, new plans of every sort, size, shape and color, like good, brave, enterprising fellows as you are; and nobody is regarded by you as less of a gentleman, or F. F., because he has invented an apple-paring machine, or a patent mouse-trap. You have overreached your brother, and "done" him very frequently on a trade in a most shameful manner; but you have not outlawed or trampled on him, and slain his soul for very malevolence; on the contrary, you have with the greatest good will "set him up again," and borne it with great philosophy when he treated you in like manner. As you have sinned, so shall you be punished in the storm of wrath now raging around us. And, as you have done well, so shall you be rewarded when it passes away.

But woe, woe, woe unto the South in that storm, unless by a miracle they escape its horrors! Suppose them victors over us—suppose them masters of Maryland and Washington, and what you will. Will *that* conciliate into inert submission twenty million of stubborn Northerners, who have thus far been stimulated more by reverses than by success? Why, our whole industrious lives are but one conquering of adversities, and struggling with difficulties. Life, which flows away as a river in dreamland with all of you Southerners, is a fight and a wrestle with fortune for nearly all of us; and when it is not so we *make* it such. When a Yankee turns boot-black, and gives up forever because he has had a note protested, then and not till then will he give up the idea of warring on you. Woe, woe, woe! Do you not know that the "fanaticism" of the North is now only just *beginning* to kindle? Do you know what your own overwhelming enthusiasm is? I will tell you. It is the vindictive hatred of a race inferior in many things, and absurdly vain of its superiority in a few gifts toward another which is greater in almost everything which constitutes real *superiority* in this age. *That* is your enthusiasm—a hatred as malignant as that of a lashed slave. Do you think that your chances will be better when a hatred quite as bitter, and ten times more stubborn, rages all through our twenty millions! "But we of the North always hated you." We did not. When this war broke out there was not one Northern man in a hundred who would not have gladly left you in peace with your slaves, to do what you pleased forever, South of the isothermal line. The present Administration would have only been too glad to let you alone, and have protected you with all its armies. But you *would not* know the truth, you teased your fancied sore, you fed yourselves fat and foul with lies, you sowed the wind—and you must reap the whirlwind!

The end is not yet. But we are at the beginning thereof. Through fire and smoke, cannon thunder and the wail of myriads, we see greater convulsions, but still we know what must come, and are conscious of our own strength to take us through. Bear one fact in mind, the whole country has ere this determined that, as a preliminary, *slavery in the border States must be destroyed!*

THE GUILT AND PERIL OF THE NATION.

[Extract from a Sermon preached on the late National Fast-day, by the Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse.]

How glaring is the inconsistency, how passing all words of condemnation is the wrong of which from the beginning our Republic has been increasingly guilty, in that she then consented to the continued enslavement of more than 300,000, and now holds more than four million of the children of men in a subjection more entire, more debasing than has ever been endured in any age of the world, in any part of the earth. Genius of America! Spirit of Freedom! Angel of the Declaration! how art thou fallen! "O, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The tyrants of the earth cry out to thee, aha! aha! thou art become like unto us"! Yes—as it respects the colored population of the land—our government has been the most ruthless, cruel of tyrants. And the God of the oppressed has come down to avenge them.

It were impious, it were atheistical to presume [illegible] ness with impunity forever, without some signal manifestation of the Divine displeasure. God has never left us without warnings of the coming day of wrath. From the beginning He hath spoken, and all along to the present day hath He repeated his admonitions by men who were moved by his spirit of impartial liberty. The wisest and best men of the Revolution protested, warned, entreated. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, Professor Tucker, all of Virginia; Dr. Buchanan of Maryland, Pinckney of South Carolina, and others, uttered words that now seems prophetic of what we witness and deplore. And at the North the men most eminent for their wisdom, philanthropy, and patriotism—Franklin, Adams, King among the civilians, Stiles, Edwards and Hopkins among the clergy, testified of the wickedness of slavery; and foretold the evil, the ruin it would bring upon our nation. But more than all, for the last thirty years, a voice has been resounding throughout the land—a voice that has thrilled the nation from centre to circumference—a voice as imperative, if not as highly authorized, as that of Moses, a voice crying in the ears of all the people, "Break every yoke! let the oppressed go free"!

But, alas, the evil spirits of pride, prejudice, avarice and political partyism have prevailed. We "have killed the prophets, and stoned them that have been sent unto us: and behold" now are we given up to a civil war—the most terrible punishment that could be inflicted upon a nation. The ministers of religion, who should have taught the people better, have been recreant to God and humanity; and the Churches of our Lord have harbored and sanctified the iniquity, which they were unitedly bound to expel from the land. They had the power if they had had the will to do this. Moral, religious, ecclesiastical means were in their hands, which, duly plied, would long since have removed "the peculiar institution"—"the sum of all villanies"—from our land, and have brought the oppressors and the oppressed to live together as employers and employed, in mutual regard for each other's welfare. But, alas! those who should have been fellow-laborers with our Lord have worked assiduously for "the enemy of all righteousness." Nothing in the history of our nation is more true than that "*the American Church has been the bulwark of American slavery.*" Until a few years ago, as Dr. Albert Barnes then declared, "there was no power out of the Church that could have sustained slavery, if it had not been upheld by the Church." Fearful is the responsibility for the present state of our country, that rests upon the ministers and professors of Christianity. Our ambitious politicians and reckless demagogues are not more to blame.

The Almighty Father hath waited long and patiently for us to repent, and avert the natural consequences of our national wickedness. But we have allowed the day of grace to pass unimproved. The day of judgment has come. The hand of retribution is now upon us. The infliction may be terribly severe.

Repentance is still the only condition upon which this calamity can be entirely removed from us. Fighting alone, however mighty may be our armies, however skillful and brave their commanders, and successful their conflicts, fighting alone, without repentance, cannot, will not save our nation. For although we should put down this rebellion, and punish condignly the instigators of it, yet, if we repent not of the sin, which has impelled them to this impious undertaking, our worst enemy will still be left in our midst to work us mischief continually. We must exterminate the root, or the bitter, poisonous fruits will continue to drop over the land, and spread disease and death.

Even repentance will not now avert from us the horrors of civil war. It can only shorten the day of their continuance, and lessen some of their enormities. The loss of tens of thousands of lives; the maimed bodies, ruined health, depraved morals of hundreds of thousands more, and the destruction of an inestimable amount of property, are now inevitable. But if we now "repent, and do works meet for repentance," all these sacrifices will not be for naught. If now we "loose the bands of wickedness, if we undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke," we shall receive an accession of strength that will enable us soon to overwhelm our rebellious enemies. The tens of thousands of colored men now bond or free, who would rush to the standard of the Union, if allowed so to do, would bring with them not only powerful limbs, impassioned hearts, and bodies inured to exposure and privation, but physical systems (many of them) acclimated in the Southern States, and withal a familiar acquaintance with the parts of the country that have been, and are likely to be, the seat of the war. Such men in our armies would render service inestimable—services that would soon decide the contest in favor of the rights of all men; services which, if our commanders do not appropriate them, will in the last extremity be appropriated by the rebels, and made to turn the fortune of this war against the complicated, inexplicable "cause" which our government would fain persuade us is all we are fighting for.

War is not an expedient, appointed or approved by God, for the redress of grievances, or the maintenance of liberty. When men resort to it, or are driven into it, they must rely upon all the *human* forces they can command; and such devices and stratagems as the civilization of the nations will allow them to use. If we of the loyal States repent, we shall undoubtedly conquer, not because the Almighty will then especially interpose in our behalf, but because our repentance, if it be sincere, will bring to our assistance a host which no power in the rebel States can withstand. Nothing else, I am persuaded, will save us. Let, then, the colored men of the whole country, bond as well as free, be summoned to arms, and duly enrolled in the armies of the loyal States. For mercy's sake, in the name of our common humanity, let not insurrections and the indiscriminate slaughter of women and children on plantations or in the homes of the South, be countenanced or allowed. The thought is too horrible for the most fanatical hater of slavery to entertain a moment. But let it be made known throughout the land, North and South, that this is a war for the rights of all men; and that all men, of every nation, tribe and complexion, bond and free, who will, may come, and be welcome to an equal participation in the hardships, the perils, the exploits, and the triumphs of our arms.

And when victory has crowned our struggle, and we have safely disposed of the preëminently wicked men, who, with their political fathers, have been misleading this nation for the last fifty years, and at length have plunged us into this fratricidal, parricidal, suicidal war; then, if we are truly penitent for our deep participation in the sin of our nation, we shall pity and forgive those who have been misled farther than ourselves in this highway of transgression. We shall show ourselves ready, willing, eager to do all we may to repair the breaches this sin has made between us; to build up the places which have been laid waste by the thriftless hand of slavery and the desolating arm of war; to restore the channels of easy communication between the North and the South, which have been so ruthlessly destroyed; and to share, equally with them, in the expense of all the methods and expedients by which the newly-freed people in their midst shall be, as soon as possible, brought to appreciate, improve, and enjoy the privileges of liberty, and become, in every respect, incomparably more valuable to themselves and their neighbors than they ever have been, or ever could be, under the unnatural, inhuman conditions of slavery.

I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I am sure the course I have now marked out is plainly indicated by a wisdom far higher, and a benevolence far purer than my own.

Our nation must repent of the sin of slavery—*must abolish slavery or perish.*

OUR PRESENT DANGERS.

From The Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.

WE suppose there can be no doubt, if the question of slavery or anti-slavery had never been made to divide parties in our land, as to what would be the present position of our government towards the "peculiar institution." It would be recognized at once as the weakest point of the rebels, our assaults would be specially directed against it, and he would be considered either a traitor or a fool who should suggest the showing it any special favor.

All that is asked of the Administration is to forget party, and act accordingly; and all that is required of the people of this land is to support the government by acting in the same spirit. This, we believe, is what the great bulk of the nation wish, and what they will do, if they are not befogged, bamboozled, and cheated by those who are now raising a hue and cry against the Abolitionists, which has been joined in by those who should be in better business. It is not in our province to apologize for the eccentric positions or ultra sentiments of this class of men. We have never been in sympathy with them any farther than to respect and admire their purity of purpose and self-sacrificing sincerity, and we never expect to be. But we do say that the clamor against them as enemies of the government, and as obstacles to the success of this contest, is signally unjust, and that the real clog to our energies and neutralizer of our efficiency comes from another and an opposite quarter. The anti-slavery men of the North, of every grade of sentiment, have shown as great readiness to forget the past, in our present peril, as has any other class of community. That we are not now an entirely united people, is far from being their fault; and for the small accomplishment of our armies they are in very slight degree responsible.

The fact is—and it may as well at once be told—that we have reached the present stage of our contest with the indifferent success which has attended our movements, chiefly because the *opponents* of the anti-slavery men could not forget *their* prejudices, and sacrifice *their* party feeling. We state this in no spirit of reproach. We know the weakness of human nature, and how difficult it is for us to turn our backs upon the rooted ideas of our past life. We recognize freely the sincerity of these men, and bear in mind that in the case of many of them, an age has been reached when convictions become too firmly settled to be rudely eradicated. But a regard for truth compels us to say that, unknowingly and undesignedly it may be, but none the less really, it is owing to their hesitancy and indecision, and failure to forget old prejudices, more than to any other cause, that we are, at the end of six months' preparation, with the outlay of $200,000,000, no nearer quelling the rebellion than we are. Let us look at a few facts in this connection:

Recurring to the remark which we made at the outset, we say again that slavery is the most vulnerable point of our enemy; that, political prejudice aside, no one would question that it was the point to be struck first and to be struck hardest. We now say, in addition, that it is the single point which we have been chary in attacking; that it is just here that our enemies have been spared from feeling the full force of our power; and that this policy, which every dictate of military necessity condemns as an insane absurdity, has been adopted in deference to the party prejudices of the opposition to the anti-slavery men of the North.

We surely need offer no proof of this last statement. It is patent upon the face of nearly every newspaper and in the speech of nearly every public man connected with this class in the country. There are noble exceptions in the persons of statesmen like Andrew Johnson, D. S. Dickinson, and Lewis Cass, and we hasten to put these names on record; but the general tone is an endeavor to keep alive the old pro-slavery prejudice, and to continue to counsel tender treatment towards the pet institution of slavery.

It is time this thing should stop, and that these men should understand that it is their own prejudices which need to be conquered as well as those of the Abolitionists. The war will never be in a way to come to an end till they realize this thing. We may fight for years, and our capitalists may pour out their money like water—our efforts will be fruitless, our treasure will be spent in vain, until we have thoroughly learnt this lesson. Our enemy is the most determined, bitter, and vindictive power ever seen in arms upon our continent. He hates us all with cordiality. Abolitionist and conservative come alike under the ban of his resentment. The tenderness which the latter class would use towards his pet institution no more mollifies his wrath than did the guns which our craven captain threw into Hatteras Inlet, the other week, appease the resentment of his captors. There is but one way to meet him, and this is with hard blows.

When we conclude to strike hard blows—when we give the enemy to understand that old prejudices are so far forgotten that we shall concede neither quarter nor consideration to the institution of slavery while it is in arms against the government, but that every slave of every rebel upon whom we lay hands shall not only be confiscated, but shall be used to put down the rebellion—then we have taken the first step towards success. We leave the sphere of the usefulness of liberated contrabands to indicate itself to the commanders of our army. They may be serviceable as guides, or a far larger class may be employed on entrenchments, or for similar purposes. But appropriated and used they must be, and that without the shade of a scruple. We do not ask this because we favor a war for the purposes of emancipation. Every one knows that the contest was not entered upon for this purpose, and recent events show that our people are not now prepared for its adoption. But the country does demand it as a military necessity. It will insist, in tones increasingly emphatic, that slavery shall not stand in the way of crushing the rebellion. It will imperatively require of our rulers at Washington and the Generals of our army, that they shall strike the accursed institution, even if necessary, out of existence, while it stands in the way of the restoration of peace and good government in the land. Common sense and ordinary military precaution require this at our hands. The opposite course is pregnant with defeat in the future, as it has been fruitful of disaster in the past. This thing cannot be too strongly urged home on men's consideration. It is time that the craven, cowardly war which has been pursued against Mr. Sumner and a few others whose chiefest fault is that they are too enthusiastic in the cause of the country should cease. All the censure we have should be brought to bear upon those men who are asking quarter and consideration for the institution which is the obviously vulnerable point of the traitors, and a blow at which is certain at once immeasurably to advance the progress of our arms.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND NEGRO-HUNTERS.

As far as can be judged from their words, the tories who are now so bitterly abusing the Administration, look upon the Constitution of the United States simply as a great negro-catching instrument. All its other provisions they discern dimly through the medium of the article relating to fugitives from labor. Therefore a war to uphold the Constitution, amounts in their estimation to a grand military negro-hunt, and nothing more. It is not surprising, then, when a resolution is introduced into Congress that it is no part of the duty of the national army to return fugitive slaves, these tories are violent in their abuse of it. They consider that it is by all means, and above all other duties, the business of our soldiers to return negroes, and chase them, too, if necessary. They utterly oppose any coercion. We have no right, they say, to enforce obedience to the Constitution, in general, but if a panting fugitive rushes into camp pursued by his bloodthirsty rebel master, then it is time to look out for the Constitution. Then is an opportunity to save the Union to some purpose. This rebel is in open war against the government. It must be put an end to. The rascal must be compelled to take his nigger, if he doesn't the oath in accordance with the Constitution. And so the slave is given up to be driven away again to his labor in the entrenchments, or to his death, if the master thinks he has too keen a scent for liberty.

This is the only true way to uphold the Constitution—by 500,000 armed and equipped slave-hunters. Even if the master be shot in arms, his slaves must be carefully handed over to the estate.

It might happen that in the very midst of an engagement a body of these negroes, furious under their long endured wrongs, might wickedly and unconstitutionally precipitate themselves upon the ranks of their masters. It would not be strange. It is very much after the style of oppressed men.

But in this case it would be the duty of the Federal troops to break ranks at once, and rush as a grand *posse comitatus* to the capture of these miscreants, who were adding "servile insurrection" to the crime of being black, and thus "having no rights which white men are bound to respect."

This is the substance of the tory diatribes about the "Abolition war." All the interests of government are of no account; the peace of the country is of no account; all the ordinary system of conducting war is of no account; nothing is of account except negro hunting, and that must be attended to even if the heavens fall. All this is simply the most disgusting sort of toryism. If the rebels care for the safety of their negroes, let them attend to their obligations to the Constitution. Let us have no more of the slave-driving audacity which insists that the suppression of the great rebellion shall be of no importance whatever in comparison with negro-hunting for the benefit of the gentlemen rebels.—*Norwich*

THE GREAT QUESTION.

THE great business of this country being to put down the present slaveholding rebellion, the question, How to put it down? is always in order for discussion, and cannot be kept out of sight and hearing by any agreement whatever. When we are told that we must yield to the Administration, and to its method of carrying on the war, we readily assent. We *must* yield to it; we *do* cheerfully, cordially and earnestly support all its measures for carrying on the war. It should have all the money and all the men it wants, and it should not be embarrassed by unfriendly and captious criticism. But when we are told that the Administration has definitively pronounced, once for all, against the policy of making use of the negroes, free and slave, as a weapon of war, we answer, first, by denying the statement, and, second, that even if its present policy tends that way, there is no certainty and no probability that it is so wedded to its theories or so embarrassed by its acts that its policy cannot be changed. Almost every man says he is ready for emancipation in case the war cannot be brought to a successful end without it. If the Republic or slavery has got to go to the wall, they say, let slavery go. They refuse, however, to admit the emergency. Probably the Administration now does the same. Very well; the question is one of opinion and fact. We don't deny that possibly the rebellion may be crushed without freeing the negroes. But we are, and always have been, for a short war. The present condition of affairs doubtless has its charms for contractors and adventurers; but the people, especially the business community, prefer a condition of peace, and will demand that the rebels shall be put down as speedily and as effectually as possible. If emancipation is the speediest and most effectual way, the people will sooner or later find it out. There is nothing in the history or the present position of the Administration which leads us to suppose that its modification of Gen. Fremont's proclamation is anything more than an indication of its policy toward Kentucky; perhaps its temporary policy there. It is obliged to deal with questions as they arise, and the events of a week or a day may induce or compel a sudden and absolute change of ground. Some new aspect of the contest, some new disaster, perhaps, may precipitate upon us the question of emancipation for immediate solution; and the New York *Herald* may be compelled to change front upon it again as suddenly as it has done within the last two months. The history of this war, on the part of both government and people, is little more than a record of the discovery of mistakes and the rectification of blunders. Nobody is to blame. The press which supposed that the rebellion was a mere continuation of the system of bullying by which the South had always won its victories, and the statesmen who fancied it could be quelled by patiently waiting thirty, sixty, or ninety days, were equally honest, but have been proved equally mistaken.

Among the most pernicious blunders which have embarrassed our warlike operations, has been the blunder of underrating the strength of the rebels. As a matter of course, we have overrated the strength of the loyal States. In estimating the strength of the Confederate States, we have regarded slaves as an element of weakness, assuming the truth of the old adage, "so many slaves, so many enemies," and forgetting that they can never be the enemies of their masters until they are treated as friends by us; that, at best, in their present position, they are but neutrals, and as such, an element of neither weakness nor strength to the enemy; and that, from the moment that our refusal to recognize them as allies, or the desperate necessities of the rebellion compels the Confederate government to appeal to them for help, slavery becomes an element of positive and terrible strength.

By a table prepared for the American Almanac of 1861, by Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent of the Census, it appears that the free population of all the States, not including the District of Columbia or the Territories, was, in 1860, 27,280,070. Of this number, the free States had 18,831,329; the slave States, 8,448,741. The entire slave population was 3,999,765. Counting the slaves as neutral, the relative strength of the two sections, without estimating the difference as to the means and appliances of war, is represented by their free populations respectively, viz.: as 18 8-10 to 8 4-10. Adding the slaves to the free population of the South, either as laborers, supporting the whites, or as combatants (and they are already acting in the former capacity, and sooner or later will be in both), and the relative proportions are as 18 8-10 to 12 4-10. Adding the slaves to the population of the North, and the proportions are 22 8-10 to 8 4-10.

Mr. Hickman's proposition seemed simple and feasible. Eighteen million can overpower eight million. It was based on the supposition of the neutrality of the slaves. This is a delusion now, and will prove a greater and more fearful delusion as the war proceeds. It is *now* practically eighteen million to twelve million. But we may better Mr. Hickman's formula, and make it twenty-two million to eight million, or thereabout, if we please. To one complexion or the other it must come at last. However anxious our government may be to protect the Union men of the border States, without requiring anything of them in return, except that they shall allow our troops to guard their farms, hen-roosts, and slave-pens, Jeff. Davis will allow no neutrality in *his* dominions. This war will upturn the foundations of Southern society, and every man, woman, and child must take part, on one side or the other. The four million of irrepressible Africans *must* work and fight on one side or the other; and, if not allowed to work and fight for us, they will work and fight against us.

Now let us look at some further deductions from Mr. Kennedy's tables. Slaves between the ages of fifteen and sixty are regarded as able-bodied, for working or fighting. There were, in 1850, between these ages, 815,425 male slaves. In 1860, calculating the increase in the same proportion as the increase of the whole slave population, there were 1,019,281. Every one of these men is now at work, supporting the families of the rebel soldiers, or performing the exhausting labor of the trenches and the drudgery of the camp, which Northern "mud-sills," in our armies, have to do for themselves. In Maryland, there are 22,000 of these able-bodied male slaves. There were in Virginia, in 1850, 121,564 able-bodied male slaves; to-day there are 126,000, and 14,000 able-bodied *free* colored men—140,000 men helping support the rebel armies, if not actually helping to constitute the rebel armies. Supposing we permitted them to work for us? or supposing we should welcome them within our lines, instead of sending them back to report of our flag that it is the emblem of oppression, and of our eagle that for the poor slave his bones are brass and his feathers are iron? How long, in such a case, would Beauregard flaunt the rattlesnake flag in sight of the White House? There are 53,322 of the same class in Kentucky; 69,358 in Tennessee; and in both States, 4,100 able-bodied free colored men. Total, in both States, 126,000. What? Allies or enemies? Every one of them is a Union man, and, if we choose to have him so, a fighter for the Union. North Carolina has 78,000 of the same class, beside 5,000 free colored men; South Carolina, 104,000 of both classes; Georgia, 115,000; Alabama, 111,900; Mississippi, 124,000; Louisiana, 99,100; and Missouri, 27,750. These figures, compiled with care, show the strength of this class in the Border, Atlantic, and Gulf States. On which side, at each point of landing, shall this immense force fight and work?—*Tribune.*

THE VEXED QUESTION.

From the Charlestown (Mass.) Advertiser.

IN the Historical Cabinet at the palace of Berlin may be seen two flattened cannon balls. These balls were fired by the opposing forces at the siege of Magdeburg, and, meeting in the mid-air, exhausted their momentum on each other, and fell to the ground in their present condition. It is to be hoped that this singular incident furnishes no hint in regard to the result of the present conflict between the North and the South; but still, unless the wisest counsels prevail, we shall find, when too late, that the appeal to the sword has been in vain, and that the only result of the struggle is the mutual ruin and prostration of the two sections. We are called, therefore, at this time to act with the highest wisdom and prudence. An error in the national policy would now prove disastrous, and neutralize the effect of a whole series of the most brilliant victories, leaving the country in a worse condition than at the beginning of the rebellion.

These remarks are made with reference to the course of a certain class of citizens who earnestly desire to save the Union of the United States, and yet wish to save it in their own way. These persons seem wholly unwilling to yield one iota

own magazine, and if it explodes, they and not we are responsible. For years they have been preaching to us the doctrine of non-interference with their peculiar institution; non-intervention has been their cry; let us alone to buy and sell and work and flog our own niggers in our own way; hands off, ye Northern clowns and caitiffs, ye rail-splitters and clock-peddlers of the free States. Do you attend to your business, and we will attend to ours. Now we have always thought this was the true doctrine, as far as regards any direct interference with slavery where it already exists; and WE THINK SO STILL. We go for NON-INTERFERENCE with slavery in any form. If the slaves rise, and one universal stampede occurs, it is not our business certainly to put it down. We shall have enough to do in recapturing our own forts and arsenals, without assisting in the recovery of fugitive negroes. The first gun fired at Fort Sumter put an end, and we trust a final end, to all that nonsense. Let it be understood from the outset that if the South makes war upon the government of the United States and in the course of the affair their slaves take the opportunity to rise and throw off the yoke of servitude, it is a thing for which we are not responsible, and which we are not to be called upon to prevent. They are not to look to us for help in fastening anew the chains upon their victims. *We have done that work long enough. Amen to all that, now and forever.*

The time *may* come, and that ere long, when it will be necessary to go even further than this, and proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. An effective and vigorous prosecution of the war *may* make this measure an imperative necessity. But however that may be, *in no case do we wish to see Northern troops employed in quelling slave insubordination, and perpetuating the atrocious system that has brought all this misery and ruin upon the country.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE PROSPECT.

EVERY day's history is a fresh proof of the fearful extent to which corruption of blood has been worked in our body politic by the fatal infection of slavery. Admitting in their full force the protestations of Democrats and Republicans, that this war is not carried on by the North for the destruction of slavery, we apprehend that scarce an intelligent person can be found to deny that it was waged by the South for its maintenance and extension. And yet slavery is as prevailing and potential with Mr. Lincoln's government as with Mr. Davis's. Notwithstanding the great mass of the slaveholders have shaken off the dust of their feet as a testimony against us, and although President Lincoln has announced in his modification of the Fremont proclamation, on the authority of Mr. Bates for Missouri and of Mr. Holt for Kentucky, that there are no loyal slaveholders in those States, our authorities are still as much under slaveholding management and dictation as in the worst years of Pierce or Buchanan. Gen. McClellan uses his military omnipotence to catch and send back slaves, and the subordinate officers have done repeatedly the same degrading homage to the ruling Sovereign without censure. We say, these officers, from the Commanding General downwards, have done these dirty actions by virtue of their autocratic character within the limits of their commands, as nothing is clearer than that such acts are utterly contrary to law, and gross violations of constitutional duty, supposing that duty not to be superseded by military necessity. What Gen. Fremont did was strictly legal and constitutional, in the exercise of his discretion as a Military Commander. His action, being unpleasing to the Slave Interest, was disallowed; that of Gen. McClellan and his subordinates, being contrariwise receives no modification.

But it is not only in the employment of Northern soldiers as negro-catchers—the office only of the meanest whites of the South—for the conciliation of the Slave Power, that its supremacy is to be seen. Its influence has controlled the government ever since it came into power in the matter of the subordinates in the Departments—a matter of scarcely less practical importance than that of the Chiefs themselves, at a time when silence is so golden as it is now. For weeks, not even the easy test of the oath of allegiance was offered to them. The more honorable sort among them then refused to take an oath which they meant to break. Several hundred others were less scrupulous and would have remained in their important posts to this day had it not been for the revelations consequent on the perquisitions of the Congressional Committee. And even now, in face of those proofs, certain favorites are retained in these places, it is said by a Power in the White House greater than the President. And not content with retaining officers in the army of lukewarm zeal, a man like Emery of Maryland, who had been at the pains to write himself down thrice a traitor, is not merely restored but promoted, at the bidding of the Slave Interest, dwindled as it is in numerical importance. In other nations at war, spies in civil life are hanged and traitors in uniform are shot; here we pay salaries to the one and give additional rank and power of mischief to the other. As a necessary consequence of this vacillating feebleness, to give it a mild qualification, all the plans of our campaign are as well known in the councils of the enemy as in our own. And hence have proceeded the disasters which have befallen our arms. The blame of the bloody defeats at Bull Run and at Ball's Bluff should not be laid primarily on McDowell, or Miles, or even Patterson, in the first case, or on Baker or Stone in the last. It is the men in authority, who hire spies and traitors with the nation's money to betray it, on whose heads every drop of blood spilt in those cruel days should light.

That the enthusiasm of the North should be kept up at the fever-heat at which it has stood so long, under the chilling doubts which are fast obtaining as to the competency or the honesty of the men at the helm, is a moral and psychological impossibility. When we see military success to be in the inverse ratio of the distances from Washington, when we see defeat in the West organized at the Capital, by the withdrawal of troops and the refusal of reënforcements, and all the victories there (and they are all we have) won in despite of the influences proceeding thence, when we see the Commander of the only successful naval operation on the coast superseded for having done it too well, when we see the blockade mainly in the hands of officers who make it the mockery of the rebels and of foreign powers, and when we see that there is but one port in the nation effectually closed, and that port Washington, we cannot wonder that discontent with the administration of affairs should exist and should grow stronger and stronger. And when, added to all this, a bombshell is thrown into the Stock-Exchange from the Department of State, intimating the possibility of war with foreign powers, and when it is extensively believed that a war with those powers would not be deprecated, if it were not intrigued for, in high quarters, as a probable means of compelling the North to a compromise with the South, it is no marvel that men's hearts are failing them with fear, not of their enemies but of those claiming to be their chiefest friends. We do not affirm that these motives do actually inspire the action, and the inaction, of the authorities at Washington. But we do asseverate that increasing multitudes of men at the North and West can infer no others as the moving springs of the policy at Washington. Such men are fast coming to the conclusion that success against the enemy, under these circumstances, not only is impossible, but ought to be so. And a large and growing minority among them cannot hold themselves back from believing that no success is intended, and that nothing would be so fatal to the prospects of any General as a victory.

Such malcontents—and they are not malignants, by any means, but the truest lovers of liberty and their country—think they can discern the key of this mystery. It is not the influence of the handful of slaveholders that remain in the unseceded States (for Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky can hardly be described as loyal ones) that is so absolute in our affairs—though even that has "a voice potential, as double as the Duke's." It is the great Power itself, now arrayed against us, whose smile is sought, and whose future grace is hoped for. If not a move in a game of President-making, it is at least getting the board ready for one. If both armies can be kept quiet, with no damage on the side of the enemy, at least, for a sufficient length of time, both North and South may become tired of the quarrel and be ready to settle it on the old terms of a compromise, in which the North yields and the South gains everything. Mr. Davis, as we have said in a former article, can command such a compromise, on his own terms, at any time. In such a case, what might not the prominent public man, who had maintained the rights of the South against the assaults of fanaticism, hope from its gratitude? Poor fools! The Presidential aspirants, like all other dealers with the fiend, can never learn from the fate of those that went before them how he palters with them in a double sense and keeps promise neither to the hope nor the ear. It was not for such a result as this that the populous North has poured her legions upon the South. Mothers have not sent forth their only sons, and sisters armed the sole brothers of their blood for the battle to be the mere pawns of a base game of cheatery with the Presidency as the stake. Fathers have not offered the staff of their life and the hope of their age to the chances of the battle-field, merely that Secretary This or General That may mount the more deftly over their mangled bodies to the White House. We do not believe the North would permit such a jugglery as this to be successful, and it would amply deserve all it would get by it, if it did. And we do believe that the other party to such a compromise will scorn it utterly. We have great faith in the earnestness of purpose of Mr. Davis. Victorious at all points, our Capital blockaded by him, all the important positions on his coast amply fortified, and our government guaranteeing him against the only danger he fears—the slaves—why should he grant us peace except on the accomplishment of the Independence for which he went to war? He, at least, is no fool and no flatterer. He knows what he wants, and he goes directly at it. And he will gain it triumphantly, if our defeats do not teach us that it is slavery that gives him his heart and his strength, and that it is only through slavery that he can be reached and the rebellion quelled with honor to the North and prosperity and true glory to the whole country. There never was a government stood by as that of Mr. Lincoln has been. Our offers of men and money have bettered his demands. It rests with him to decide whether he will leave a name in history more illustrious than that of Washington, or one more ridiculously infamous than that of Pierce or Buchanan.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETING.

WE surrender a considerable portion of our space this week to the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. No one after reading them will object to our so doing. It was a most edifying occasion. We had the pleasure of being present, and regard it as a privilege calling for gratitude. We always enjoy these Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery meetings. There is something peculiar about them. They are not so dependent for their interest on the orator's art, or what is said from the platform, as are other meetings. There is a spirit pervading them—a genial, quiet, and at the same time earnest spirit, of which the reporter's pencil can give no account, but which no one coming within the range of its influence can fail to perceive. It is, in fact, the *genius loci*—the spirit of the place, arising from the social speaker and [illegible] principles, any more than the hearers are demonstrative; but they mean all they say. They do not overstate. They have the Quaker habit of weighing their words, and not passing them off for more than their value. As a consequence, their meetings do not, to the casual observer, exhibit the same animation that is witnessed at gatherings of people of a different class, but there is, nevertheless, a deep, earnest and quietly intense spirit pervading them which invests all that is said and done with an enduring interest.

This was emphatically true of the meeting at West Chester. The attendance was not large, but quite as much so as on former occasions, when circumstances were less unfavorable. The veterans of the cause in the old Keystone State were on hand as usual. James Mott, the venerable President of the Society, and Lucretia his wife; Robert Purvis and Thos. Whitson, Vice-Presidents; J. M. McKim, Mary Grew and Sarah Pugh, E. F. Pennypacker, Thomas Garrett, John Cox, George Atkinson, and a long list of worthies who have been laboring faithfully in the cause ever since the movement was launched.

For what was done we must refer the reader to the Secretary's report; only remarking that the account there given is for the most part a mere outline. Speaking on this subject, the Secretary says: "I am sorry the report is so poor a one. It was not possible for me to keep the run of all the speakers, and at the same time attend to my other duties. My report is made up partly from imperfect notes and partly from memory. The most I can say for it is that it is better than none."

The chief attraction of the meeting to most that were in attendance was undoubtedly the presence of Mr. Garrison. Always a favorite in Pennsylvania, his visit on this occasion seemed to afford especial gratification. The old Friends listened to him with delight, and the young ones were inspired by what he said with the liveliest enthusiasm.

The chief features in the business proceedings of the meeting were the adoption of a carefully drawn up paper defining the position of the Society at the present juncture, and the passage of a resolution to make the support of THE STANDARD the especial object of pecuniary efforts during the coming year—both opportune and important measures. The paper declaring the sentiments of the Society at the present juncture will be read with interest and hearty approval by all Abolitionists. It is intended to prevent misconception and correct misrepresentation, and will have that effect. The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, as we understood, design to give it a wide circulation. It is from the pen of Mr. Garrison, and is as well adapted to any other part of the Anti-Slavery field as Pennsylvania.

The greatest decorum on the part of the people of West Chester prevailed during the continuance of the meeting; and we were pleased to notice among the audience some of the most influential citizens of the place, such as Judge Haines, Hon. John Hickman, Wm. Darlington, Esq., and others. On the whole, the Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was a decided success.

GERRIT SMITH IN NEW YORK.—That noble champion of Freedom and Humanity, GERRIT SMITH, spoke in the Church of the Puritans on Wednesday evening, to an auditory filling every seat and standing-place, upon "The State and Needs of the Country." He was welcomed, on rising to speak, by the heartiest applause, and, from beginning to end, his strongest utterances were loudly cheered. Although he had been suffering for several days from a severe cold, he spoke with much energy and apparent ease to himself. His "words were with power," and he held the undivided attention of his audience to the close. He severely criticized the half-and-half way in which the war is conducted by the Administration, and expressed his belief that the government would never be able to crush the rebellion until it employed every means in its power, even to the emancipation of the slaves. An allusion to Gen. Fremont, in justification of his proclamation, was responded to by three cheers, in which nearly the whole audience seemed to join; and at the close, a resolution endorsing the sentiments of the address, and calling upon the government to proclaim Emancipation under the War Power, was adopted by an overwhelming vote.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY convened in Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on Monday, the 24th of October, at 11 o'clock.

JAMES MOTT, the patriarchal Chairman, called the meeting to order, adding a few words of greeting, and hoping as there was much to be done—both at this meeting and hereafter, before slavery would be abolished—that the speeches would be short and to the point.

LUCRETIA MOTT made some remarks, expressive of her pleasure at meeting so many of her friends and the friends of the cause on so interesting an occasion. It was a matter of rejoicing that, through all vicissitudes, the friends of the slave connected with this Society had proved true to their trust; and she hoped, as she doubted not, that they would continue faithful to the end.

The Recording Secretary not having yet arrived, Isaac S. Flint was, on motion, appointed to act in his place.

A Committee, to prepare and report business for the action of the Society, was appointed, consisting of the following persons: Oliver Johnson, Mary Grew, J. M. McKim, Lucretia Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Whitson.

On motion, the following persons were appointed a Committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Dr. B. Fussell, Sarah Pugh, Wilmer Atkinson, E. F. Pennypacker.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the meeting was now duly organized and prepared to proceed to business. It was usual at this period of the meeting to hear the Annual Report.

J. M. MCKIM, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, said that the Executive Committee were ready to report, but not in the usual form. The Constitution required that the Committee should "report to the annual meeting of the Society an account of the receipts and expeditures during the year, and such other matters as in their judgment might properly claim attention." The practice had been to make this report in writing; but this year the Committee were obliged to depart from the usual custom, in this respect. The Corresponding Secretary, on whom the duty naturally devolved, had been suffering from a temporary weakness of his eyes, making the task of writing a painful and injurious one. This was one reason; but there was also another. The usual custom, in these reports, had been to recapitulate all the important incidents and events of the year relating to the cause, and to make such comments thereupon as might seem needed to make plain their bearing and significance; but to do so this year would swell the report to a size altogether too voluminous for its purpose. The year had been the most eventful one in the history of the cause. A mere recital of what had happened, having a direct bearing on the slavery question, without a word of comment, would fill a volume. It had been a year of startling and momentous events. A report in the usual style was out of the question. It would be impracticably long. On the other hand, a mere bald statement of what the Society had done—except in the matter of its receipts and expenditures—the Committee did not deem necessary to put in writing, because that would make a paper unprofitably short. The story can be told in a few words. The Society has done less in the last year, *in the way of active effort*, than in any preceding year since its establishment. And yet they have not been neglectful of their duty. They have the testimony of a good conscience as much as at the end of any preceding year. They have done, to the best of their ability, what their hands have found to do. But it has been an exceptional year. The nation has been in a state of war. The country has been a great camp. The highways have been occupied by large bodies of armed men, and the streets, day and night, have resounded with the heavy tread of soldiers. There has been no place in the public arena, nor in the public mind, for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. We have had to stand to one side. In comparison with former years, our mission has been silence. The anti-slavery movement, having passed through various states and gradations, has at length culminated in war. It is now a [illegible] many—by the trial of arms. The hosts of slavery and the hosts of *partial* freedom are now confronting each other. The question between them is, in effect: *Slavery or no Slavery.* Not that the North so professes to understand it, but that the South leaves them no election. The North would fain blink the question, and affect to regard the issue as one solely of union or disunion. And so ostensibly it is. With the Federal government it is, primarily, a question of existence. The South is crouching for a tiger-spring at our nation's throat. The first question, therefore, with the Federal government is: *To be or not to be.* But this question turns upon slavery. The one is involved in and underlies the other; so that, in effect, the issue before the country, in the war now waging, is: *Slavery or no Slavery.* The people, to a large extent,—notwithstanding the repeated disclaimers made by them and on their behalf—so understand it; and intelligent and candid people in other countries so understand it.

Nevertheless, in this war, this Society can take no part. As a body, our principles forbid us from using any but "peaceful and moral means" for the overthrow of slavery; but, even if this were not the case, the avowed purpose of the government in waging the war—namely to leave the slave system intact—would preclude us, as a Society, from taking any active part in the contest.

Still, we must reiterate the belief we have from the beginning and everywhere expressed, that, as between the Federal government and the "so-called Confederate States," the former is wholly in the right, and therefore deserving the sympathy and support in all proper ways of all good men—including, of course, all true Abolitionists. It ought also to be stated that individuals among us, being left to judge for themselves, a large number of our earnest friends have joined the National army, while others are giving the government, in other ways, the most substantial support; believing that thereby they are effectively contributing to the abolition of American slavery. Of the 65,000 Pennsylvania soldiers now in active service, and the 34,000 who are in camp in the State awaiting orders, a very large proportion are anti-slavery men, including not a few who have hitherto been in active cooperation with this Society. As a matter of fact, the radical Abolitionists of Pennsylvania have furnished their full proportion of the 99,000 from this State who have volunteered their lives and services in defence of the government against its slaveholding enemies. This is a fact which it is proper should be stated here, whatever may be the principles of the Society, and whatever action it may take at this meeting in regard to its future course. On this latter point, it is expected from the call (which Mr. McKim here read) that the Society will make "some official declaration." Abolitionists are in doubt—some of them—among themselves, and the public are inquiring as to our position. What are our views at this juncture, and what, as a body, ought to be our course? These are questions which, it is hoped, will be definitively and officially answered by the Society at this meeting.

As for the rest—what the Society has done in the usual way, and what remains to be done in the same direction, a few words will suffice. We have raised some money, as the Treasurer's Report will show, for the support of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; we have kept up our own organization, and kept open our anti-slavery office. We have stood by our principles and defended our position in the newspapers and by word of mouth whenever either has been assailed; and we have contributed our quota to the influence which is now at work to induce the government to decree the abolition of slavery as the only means of terminating the war. This is the work which is now before us; and this is the labor to which, as we understand it, Abolitionists are hereafter to address themselves. THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is our great instrumentality. It takes the highest ground. Its articles in proof of the power and duty of the government, under the war power, to abolish slavery, are incontrovertible. Our duty is to support THE STANDARD. How we can best do it will be the chief question—in the way of measures—for the decision of this meeting.

Mr. McKim said he had nothing more to add on behalf of the Committee, except the expression of his belief that our cause wore a most auspicious aspect. The end was drawing near. Slavery was approaching its period. We were witnessing its death-throes. We had only to be true to our principles, and to exert our power in holding the nation to the same principles, and our triumph would be sure and glorious. The country would be delivered from its curse, and its hapless bondmen would be free.

Adjourned till 2 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.

J. M. MCKIM, as Corresponding Secretary, read the following letters received in answer to invitations to attend the meeting. The first was from THEODORE TILTON, and was as follows:

LETTER FROM THEODORE TILTON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: My opinion, since you ask it, is just this. There is war because there was a Republican party; there was a Republican party because there was an Abolition party; there was an Abolition party because there was slavery. To charge the war upon Republicanism is merely to blame the lamb that stood in the brook; to charge it upon Abolitionism is to blame the sheep for being the lamb's mother; but to charge it upon slavery is to lay the crime straight at the door of the wolf. So, to end the trouble, kill the wolf. I belong to the party of the wolf-killers!

Always your friend,

TO JAMES MILLER MCKIM. THEODORE TILTON.

The next was from JONATHAN WALKER—of the "branded hand"—who, Mr. McKim said, was now at work as a ship carpenter in the Navy Yard in Philadelphia—being indebted for his place to the kindness of Wm. B. Thomas, Esq., Collector of the Port, whose favor had been conciliated by the brand "S. S.," which Mr. Walker had shown him at the time he made his application. The letter was as follows:

LETTER FROM JONATHAN WALKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND: Yours of the 17th inst., inviting me to participate at the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, to be held at West Chester on the 24th, is received.

Although it would be extremely gratifying to meet the old and tried friends of the down-trodden in this section of our distracted country on such an occasion, other obligations debar me from it at this time.

For the last thirty years I have watched, with deep interest, the steady progress of the anti-slavery enterprise, and now rejoice at the hopeful prospects before us—though I have long since despaired of the system terminating in peaceful emancipation.

The unwarrantable demands of the Slave Power at the South, and the cringing submission of the North, have ever been exceedingly nauseating and loathsome; and yet, so far as the governments at Washington and Richmond manifest themselves, the enslaved can derive but a faint shadow of hope for deliverance; for, while their unrequited toil beneath the lash sustains the conspiracy, the Federal authorities continue to ignore the rights of the slave and of the nominally free colored population to participate in crushing the rebellion—verifying the revolting decision of Judge Taney, that "the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Verily, it is the white man's war over the prostrate and bleeding form of his colored brother. And this expression we are to accept as the "*simon pure*" Republican dispensation of to-day! How earnestly we ought to pray to be delivered from our friends, judge ye.

I am now actively employed in the construction and fitting up of naval vessels designed for the relief of the old ship of State, now on her beam-ends in the breakers, where she has drifted in consequence of trusting her safety to a *foul anchor*. Had she been built of *all* sound materials, and properly anchored, with competent officers on board; she would not now be wallowing in the surf a wreck, but bravely and majestically riding at her moorings in FREE PORT.

It is my impression, however, that a new ship of State (government) can now be constructed with modern improvements, better adapted to the wants of the age, at less cost of blood and treasure than would be required to rescue and repair the old one.

Yours, for the new ship, with the inscription nailed at her mast-head, NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY.

JONATHAN WALKER.

The following letter, from HENRY GREW, was then read by R. Tomlinson, the Recording Secretary:

LETTER EROM HENRY GREW.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23, 1861.

To the friends of righteousness and humanity, to convene at West Chester, on the 24th inst., to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," their aged fellow-laborer, Henry Grew, sendeth greeting.

Providentially prevented from being personally present [illegible] heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that the wisdom which cometh from above, which is both pure and peaceable, may guide all your deliberations, in this solemn crisis, when the Almighty Ruler of the nations "cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." (Isa. xxvi. 21.)

Let us, beloved friends, beware of the subtle devices of the Tempter, who, if unsuccessful in effort to turn us from seeking *a right end*, will endeavor to induce us to seek it *by wrong means.*

It is important to distinguish between God's eternal law of righteousness and love, and what he permits wicked men (who are his sword) to do, when he punishes nations for their sins. The former only is our rule of action. We may indeed rejoice that the Governor of the universe overrules evil for good, but we are not allowed to "do evil that good may come."

We may hope that the wise Arbiter of nations and events may overrule the present direful war of carnage, blood and slaughter, to accomplish the Ultimatum of our desires and labors, in the deliverance of the slaves throughout the land, from that vile yoke of oppression, which He himself hates with a perfect hatred. This, however, gives us no authority to sanction the war, if the war itself is not in accordance with that law of righteousness and love which is our *only* rule of duty. God overruled the crucifixion of his Son for high and benevolent purposes, but it was done "*with wicked hands,*" and brought down divine wrath on the perpetrators.

The question is: *Is this war a right measure to accomplish a right end?* What is its avowed object? Is it to obey God's law to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"? Is it to do justice to the outraged captive, and to "proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof"? No, verily! It is to reëstablish the very same general government, the same political system which existed before the secession of any State from the Union. What was that government? It was one which ignored the rights of millions of our fellow-men, made in the same image of God; casting them down to the level of the beasts of the earth and creeping things, to be sold in the market place! It was a government that mocked at the appeal: "Am I not a man and a brother?" A government which violated God's law of justice and love, that forbids us to return to his master the poor fugitive from vile and cruel oppression. (Deut. xxiii. 15.)

This system of government, involving this atrocious violation of moral principle, *ought not to be reëstablished.* As righteousness *only* exalteth a nation, every true patriot, or lover of his country, ought to oppose it by moral means.

Some imagine, that, although the purpose of the war, on the part of the North, is to reëstablish a government which recognizes slavery—one of its objects being *to prevent its extension*—it is therefore to be justified. This is to suppose that we may justify iniquity at the fountain if we dam up some of its streams. We may sanction *some* moral evil, if we do not sanction *too much!* Of two natural evils we may choose the least. Of two moral evils we may choose neither.

If, however, the avowed *object* of the war was perfectly right, the question remains to be considered, Is war a rightful means to accomplish it?

Many suppose that a justification of national wars is found in the rightful authority of the Civil Magistrate "to execute wrath on him that doeth evil." (Rom. xiii. 4.) The fact that national wars execute wrath on those *who do not "do evil,"* proves that such conclusion is not warranted by the premises. War involves the principle of injustice. We say "Let justice stand, though the *heavens* fall." Shall we not then say, Let justice stand, though the *United States* fall? In the secession army, if not in our own, men have been compelled to enroll themselves, contrary to their own minds. Is it just and right to kill them, or for men to meet on the battle-field to slaughter one another, because "the Powers that be" command them to do so? Is not the authority of these powers limited by the laws of God and righteousness? "Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto (them) more than unto God, judge ye." I submit that national wars, not positively commanded by the Almighty, are a violation of his law, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

What scenes are presented in this land, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era! The professed disciples of the Prince of Peace, commanded by their master to go forth with their "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," are going forth to bayonet each other's bodies which are professedly "the temples of the Holy Ghost!" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) One day a man stands in the pulpit, claiming to be an apostle of the Gospel of Peace, teaching us to be "gentle unto all men" (2 Tim. ii. 24), to "love our enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us." To-morrow he is transformed into a Brigadier-General, commanding us to fight our enemies like tigers, and deluge the land with their blood! "My soul, come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united."

Esteemed friends, let no consideration induce us to descend from our high and truly noble position of moral power. Let us ever breast ourselves with the impenetrable shield of a holy faith in the Truth which abideth forever. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds" of sin. "In due time we shall reap if we faint not." Slavery hastens to its merited doom "of shame and everlasting contempt." The dark clouds that now encircle us shall be dispelled by "the Sun of Righteousness." The rod of the oppressor shall be broken, and "the nations shall learn war no more." "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

The Treasurer's Report was then read, which was as follows:

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in account with SARAH PUGH, *Treasurer.*

Dr.	
To cash paid agents	$1,321 66
To cash paid books	164 13
To cash paid rent of rooms	223 96
To cash paid American A. S. Society	1,443 50
To cash paid sundries, including fixtures, etc., for new office	528 19
Balance on hand	20 85
	$3,702 29
Cr.	
By balance on hand, Oct. 1st, 1860	45 00
By Philadelphia Female A. S. Society	900 00
By Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society	30 00
By Vigilance Committee	50 00
By individual subscriptions	1,127 15
By Publishing Agent	1,343 50
By sales	206 64
Oct 1st. 1861.	$3,702 29

The account examined to this date, and found correct.

REUBEN TOMLINSON.

OLIVER JOHNSON spoke at length in support of the views expressed by Mr. McKim, as to the necessity of supporting THE STANDARD. He said he always felt a delicacy in speaking of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, because of his editorial connection with it. But as he had been requested to speak upon the subject now before the meeting, he would say that, in his opinion, there had never been a time in the history of our movement when the existence of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD was of more importance than at present. He would not undertake to predict anything as to the result of the war, so far as immediate abolition is concerned; but felt certain, however, that whether the abolition of slavery is proclaimed or not, whether the South shall be recognized as a separate and independent power, or become a conquered province, slavery, in either case must come out of the war with a broken back. This being the case, he saw no reason for Abolitionists to be discouraged. Still, their work is not done by any means. If the government, speaking for the nation, would, by proclaiming the abolition of slavery, take the burden from our shoulders, he thought then the Abolitionists might come together, sing songs of joy, and disband. But this is not done, nor is there any certainty that such will be the result. Hence it is necessary that all our means of organized action should be maintained. Nor could he see any reason why, if proper effort is made, they should not continue to exist actively and efficiently. It is true that the financial resources of Abolitionists, in common with those of all other classes, have suffered curtailment. But it should also be considered that there are some departments of anti-slavery effort which, in the present state of things, may be dispensed with, and the means hitherto expended upon them, be entirely directed to the maintenance of our Society organizations, and the publication and circulation of our national newspaper. Mr. Johnson also gave some statistics with regard to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD—the expense of publication, the number of subscribers, etc.

LUCRETIA MOTT was glad that this subject had been introduced to the meeting at this time. She considered it of the utmost importance that the members of, and sympathizers with, this and the National Society, should understand precisely what is necessary to be done to keep these organizations alive and useful. She would not have any effort used to keep this or any other Society in existence, a day after the necessity which called it into being has passed away. But this certainly cannot be said to be the case with regard to our work. So far as any avowed purpose of the government may be considered, slavery is as safe to-day as ever it was. She believed that the masses of the people were ready for a demonstration on this subject, but they are held in check by their fear of running counter to the wishes of the government. In times like these, the people naturally look to the government to lead the way. The direction in which the public mind runs was clearly shown by the reception given to the proclamation of Fremont, which sent a thrill of joyous excitement throughout the North, indicating, as it did, that there was at least one man among the military leaders of the people who saw that the only sure way to a permanent government and a lasting peace was that which secured freedom to every human being throughout the country. But the government has seen fit to set aside this proclamation of freedom. Our work must be to keep alive the spirit of liberty in the hearts of the people; to show them clearly that as slavery is the cause of all the bloodshed that now disgraces our country, bringing grief to almost every household in the land, so we can expect no peace or Union worthy of the name, until justice is done the outraged victims of the accursed system. To this end we must give liberally of our means, for the support of our Societies and newspapers. She knew well the demands upon the purses of all classes for the relief of soldiers and their families; she also knew that the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania had never been niggardly in their responses to the claims made upon them; but she would have all to remember that the wrongs of the slave call louder than ever for relief and redress, and that we can never rightly cease from our efforts so long as a slave remains on our soil.

CHANDLER DARLINGTON said that, while listening to this discussion about keeping up "THE STANDARD" and our organization, he remembered the regret that many felt years ago, when their local and County Societies, which had been very flourishing, ceased to exist. In looking back now, he did not think there was much to regret; their work was doubtless done, or they would not have fallen to pieces. And so he would not have any one discouraged, even if our State and National Societies are disbanded, for if that takes place it will doubtless be because the work can be done better in a different way.

ELIJAH F. PENNYPACKER had no doubt that these Anti-Slavery Societies must continue to exist, for the simple reason that slavery is not yet abolished. It was to abolish slavery that we banded together, and we cannot, without proving traitors to the cause of humanity, desist from that work until it is fully accomplished. He had no fears as to the ultimate result of our struggle, for the reason that it was a contest for right and justice, and they are sure to conquer in the end. He was decidedly in favor of pursuing the work with renewed vigor and activity.

EDWIN H. COATES objected to the memorial to Congress, now in circulation by the American Anti-Slavery Society, because it asks that body, while denying the right of property in man, to give compensation to loyal slaveholders as a measure of conciliation. He thought if there was compensation to be given at all, it should be to the slaves.

THOMAS WHITSON said he had been requested to say something on this subject, but had hesitated about doing so, because he did not think it possible any one would suppose him willing to give up "THE STANDARD." He said, I have always been a poor man, but still, for a poor man, I have made some good investments, and the best investment I ever made was what, both of time and money, I have put into the anti-slavery cause. I have never *given* anything to this cause. It has given me everything. I have simply paid according to my ability a debt due to the slave and the world. I am ready now to double my subscription to "THE STANDARD," and hope many more will feel able to do the same.

THOMAS GARRETT said that, like other people, he had had some losses, but he thought them nearly balanced by the cheapness with which passengers on the Underground Railroad could travel now. There is not much else needed now but food and clothing to help them. With this fact in view, he thought he could do about as much, pecuniarily, as usual for the cause.

MR. GARRISON—I am generally opposed to compromises. But there is one I am willing to accept. I am willing that THE STANDARD shall go down, that this Society shall be abolished, that the American Society shall suspend its operations, that *The Liberator* shall no longer be published in Boston, that Wendell Phillips shall no longer make agitating speeches—provided that the South shall abolish slavery.

He then spoke of the ability and usefulness of THE STANDARD, and said that the Abolitionists could better afford to give up every other means of reaching the public, than to give up their National Organ. He discussed, at some length, the attitude of the government towards slavery, and referred to the disposition on the part of those who call themselves Conservative to place the Abolitionists and Secessionists in the same category, their constant cry being to hang them both. He thought if any one was to be hung, it should be the go-betweens.

Without taking any final action on the subject under discussion, the Society, on motion, adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of listening to addresses.

Evening Session.

ROBERT PURVIS said: I deprecate the doubtful tone of some of our friends in regard to the maintenance of the instrumentalities employed by the Society for the overthrow of slavery. It is said that our work is being done by the government, that the present war must end in the emancipation of the slaves. Sir, I never doubted the success of our cause, for, by a logic irresistible and inexorable, every idea based upon principle must succeed. But, sir, Why abandon any means now employed? The government protests that it has no purpose to abolish slavery—it refuses the services of colored men as soldiers—its Generals are guilty of the inhumanity and subserviency of sending back fugitive slaves—and the President has endeavored to neutralize the advance step taken by the noble Fremont in his proclamation, making *free men* of the slaves of rebel masters. Our duty to my mind is clear. We should continue in the prosecution of our labors until the work is done, and that work will not have been accomplished so long as a slave remains upon our soil. I would not wish, however, to be understood in reflecting upon the government by unjust censures; mistaken as doubtless is her policy, in ungenerous treatment of the colored people in many respects, I am not unmindful that to the honor of the present Administration is due the important fact of nullifying the Dred Scott decision and in branding with infamy the sentiment of that old Jesuit and demagogue—"that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect"; Secretary Seward having furnished in due form a passport of citizenship to a black man. Neither can I overlook the fact of the government's acceptance of the services of such men as Jim Lane, Montgomery, and John Brown, Jr., etc.

Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, of Vermont, said that we are now learning a lesson for our negro hate—a hate which had spread through the Church, through politics, through trade, through everything. We are paying for having elected slaveholders to power. Churches have been torn to tatters by slavery. He was born in the Presbyterian Church, but felt, at an early age, that there was another doctrine than Presbyterianism—the doctrine of liberty. He approved of emancipating slaves of both loyal and disloyal slaveholders, without distinction.

MARY GREW said that the keynote of this meeting had been so well and wisely struck to-day, and the tones which had followed had been in such harmony with it, that she would be satisfied not to join the symphony, but for one impulse which moved her to speak. The thought that this might be the *last* Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society made her unwilling to refrain from uttering once more, on this platform, that testimony against slavery which for so many years she had uttered in concert with those tried and true fellow-laborers, the joy and glory of whose lives it was that they had been called to this work. It might be that the revolution of another year would see "Emancipation" written on the banners of our army, and witness the jubilee of the American slave. Then would the work of the Abolitionists be accomplished; then might they put off the armor which they had worn so long in this battle, and join in the song of thanksgiving to God for the triumph of Freedom.

What had they accomplished? One thing which they attempted they had certainly failed to accomplish—the peaceful emancipation of the slaves. Two things they *had* accomplished. They had cleansed their own souls from the guilt of slavery. Not on those who had faithfully advocated the slave's cause, and proclaimed the duty of peaceful emancipation, could now rest the responsibility of this war. They had also succeeded in arousing in the Northern heart an anti-slavery sentiment which had confronted and resisted the Slave Power.

Thirty years ago, God called to this nation to let His people go; and He gave to it the opportunity of securing peaceful freedom. The nation would not hearken to His voice, and it has no longer such a choice. In His providence He now offers it salvation through a baptism of blood in civil war; and while the angel of His mercy yet holds back the more terrible alternative of servile war, and waits for its decision, what is it doing? Look at the infatuated nation! It is carrying on a terrible war; mothers are sending their sons, sisters their brothers, wives their husbands, to the battle-field, and blood is poured out like water. And yet the government refuses to take into its hand the only weapon by which it can successfully end the war. Was there an intelligent man in the country, from the President down to the humblest private in the army, who did not know what

There is a reason why we should be defeated in every battle. We have no war-cry—no noble motive. We shout merely for the flag, and for the nation, and the South, knowing this, will never be subdued. While the flag of freedom waves merely for the white man, God will be against us; all that is grand and great will be against us.

When man nobly and unselfishly fights for man, then will the issue be determined. She did not believe in the sweeping denunciations of Washington politicians, but considered that Charles Sumner was not to be mentioned in their category. The government complained of a few millions spent by Fremont, while it spends $4,000,000 a year on bands of music for the troops, when they needed but the music of a noble sentiment to urge them on to victory. It was strange that Fremont was not taken to task till his proclamation of freedom went forth. She could say but little in this cause, but that little was grander and nobler than all that could be said on the other side, because it comprised the one word liberty. She quoted a French soldier, who, as the surgeon probed his flesh near the heart, for a ball, gasped, "cut a little deeper, and you will find the Emperor." The word freedom was *her* Emperor! Probe her heart to its depths, and it will glow in every drop of blood!

WM. LLOYD GARRISON spoke at great length and with his usual power. He said he always felt delighted to hear old voices, but was especially so this evening to hear a new one, which, for the first time, had broken on his ear with marvellous fluency of speech, and great power of illustration. He remarked that if the Churches of the land had done their duty in years past and denounced slavery, all this trouble would have been avoided.

Every honest man is an Abolitionist. The term is significant of everything just, humane and good, and those who do not realize this fact, need to be born again. Who are the traitors? The Abolitionists? No! All who uphold slavery are traitors to God and a free government. You blame Jefferson Davis, do you? Who urged him on? Who urged his followers to an undying hatred to anti-slavery, and encouraged them to a remorseless dominion of the country? Who abetted the South in overturning the government, and cursed those who worked for the salvation of the North? Those who denounced abolitionism, who said that slavery was right, and who asserted that the upholding of freedom for all was giving the country up to rapine and blood.

We had now reached the point, when a Hunker millionaire of Boston cried out: "Is there not another John Brown somewhere to send to the South?" We must be satisfied to see slavery abolished through wrath and selfishness, not through noble principle; but before God, there must not be a slaveholder on American soil!

Abolitionists are now the only Unionists in America, for between slavery and freedom there can be no Union.

President Lincoln is a compromiser, who goes for the old covenant with death and agreement with hell.

Why may we not abolish slavery? Is the Constitution in operation? Is the *habeas corpus* in use? Are not all men clutched, if necessary, by the despotic arm of government, and sent to Fort Lafayette? Why not, then, with the same power, proclaim abolition in the eleven slave States now out of the Union? He will be like Pharaoh of old, who would not let the people go, and therefore perished with his army. The President now has the power in his hands to extinguish the flames of civil war and give us peace. No more compromise with the foul system! Down with slavery, and let all men go free! May we see the day when Carolina will be like Massachusetts, when the women shall no longer stand on the auction-block, when the mother no longer trembles for the child at her breast, and when man may walk forth in the majesty of freedom.

How absurd the cry of insurrection in case of abolition. You may flog a man, outrage his wife, steal his daughter, and he will be quiet; free him, and he will cut your throat; pay him for his labor, and he will be a fiend! Can stupid assininity go further? Moreover, colored men are far more gentle by nature than whites. They are mild and forbearing, and when they have combined to strike for liberty, some heart has always given way in melting love for massa or missus. Abolition by government could easily be effected without disorder.

Government should abolish slavery by martial law. The idea of insurrection is a lie. The Richmond *Examiner* once said, "We hate everything that is free; free schools, out of which damnable abolition has arisen; a free press, free thought, free everything. We detest the name of free." This is honest, at least. Mr. Garrison then read a memorial to Congress for immediate emancipation by martial law, in which a willingness is shown to pay loyal slaveholders for their slaves.

Mr. PURVIS objected to any compensation for loyalty. A slaveholder is loyal to government only because government offers to protect his rascality. He would not give him a dollar. We can, with the strong arm of the North, put down slaveholders without compromising our principles.

OLIVER JOHNSON said that it was often asked, if we emancipate slaves, what shall we do with them? Dr. Hitchcock, a divine of New York, was told by Com. Stringham, that he found coming to his fleet, in a boat, when near Hatteras, sixteen stalwart slaves. He concluded to see if they could fight, and were willing to do so, and said, "Boys, do you wish to be United States sailors?" "Yes, massa, that's just what we want." He then gave them uniforms, put them in charge of a gun, and said he never knew men to handle a gun so readily, or fight with such vigor. That is one way to dispose of slaves, if the question arises what to do with them.

Adjourned.

Friday Morning.

The Society met according to adjournment; the President in the chair.

On motion of JOSEPH A. DUGDALE—who expressed regret that it had not been done the day before—a Committee was appointed to go through the audience and take up contributions to the treasury of the Society. It consisted of the following persons: Joseph A. Dugdale, Alice Lewis, Simon Barnard and Thomas Garrett.

The Business Committee announced their readiness to report, J. M. McKim stating on their behalf that instead of submitting, as had been customary, a series of resolutions, setting forth their views and feelings, they would present for the Society's adoption a carefully considered and somewhat extended declaration of sentiment. This paper, and a practical resolution or two in regard to THE STANDARD and funds, were the only matters of business which they had to submit, or which they deemed of sufficient importance at this time to claim the attention of the Society.

The declaration was then read—the document being in his handwriting—by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and was as follows:

STATEMENT.

Since the last anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, a violent disruption of the American Republic having taken place, through the treasonable withdrawal of nearly all the slaveholding States, which have organized themselves into an independent Southern Confederacy, the objects of which are the interminable prolongation of slavery, the subversion of the government, and the overthrow of all free institutions, by a wickedly aggressive and desperately malignant war on their part, it devolves upon this Society clearly to define its position in relation to the present anomalous state of things, so as to keep its testimonies unimpaired on the one hand, and to prevent needless misconception and injurious misrepresention on the other.

This Society has nothing to retract or modify in regard to its object, its principles, or its measures. Always animated by a spirit inflexibly loyal to the cause of freedom, and having for its sole object the triumph of that cause universally, without regard to race, color or condition, it finds no language adequate to express its abhorrence of a system which consigns four million of the inhabitants of the land, with all their posterity, to the most degrading and intolerable bondage—ranking them in the category of personal and real estate, property to be used and transferred like household goods, brutes to be driven to unrequited toil, and recognizing their common humanity only for the purpose of making them strictly responsible to their tyrannical masters in all things, under terrible pains and penalties. In any other land, however dark and benighted, the toleration of such a system would indicate complete deadness to shame and deep corruption; but, in a country like ours, claiming to be the most enlightened on earth, boasting of its religious and political privileges, and glorying in an instrument which declares it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty, it presents an exhibition of shameless hypocrisy and blood-red criminality, wholly unparalleled—especially attempting, as it does, to find its justification in the highest religious sanctions, alike under the Jewish and the Christian dispensation. To seek to perpetuate such a system is the most comprehensive iniquity that can be perpetrated; to make any compromise with it is always full of guilt and danger; to demand its immediate and total abolition is the dictate of justice and humanity.

The principles of this Society remain unchanged, because they are unchangeable; being based upon human nature and the law of the living God, and in defence of which, prophets have been put to death, and apostles crucified, and martyrs carried to the stake, and patriots executed upon the scaffold. Its measures have ever been rational, and well adapted to promote the righteous object in view, and limited to the exercise of a peaceful, lawful, constitutional right of protest and reformation, using only the weapons of reason and argument, for the sole purpose of establishing the freedom of all classes upon an enduring basis.

To the malicious attempt, which has been so extensively made, to identify the secessionists of the South with the Abolitionists of the North, this Society unequivocally affirms that no two classes can be more unlike, or more opposed to each other, in spirit, design and action. The former aim to give unlimited range and lasting perpetuity to slavery and the slave trade: the latter are for the immediate liberation of all in bondage. The former are under the control of an unappeasable selfishness, a satanic aspiration for universal dominion, an imperious spirit that would "rather reign in hell than serve in heaven," and striving to break down, as intolerable nuisances, all the free institutions of the North. The latter are animated by an unselfish and all-embracing philanthropy, seeking the welfare of the oppressor as well as the oppressed, and desiring to put an end to all sectional animosities and divisions by the proclamation of universal freedom. The former contemptuously trample the Declaration of Independence beneath their feet, and boldly give the lie to its self-evident truths; the latter heartily subscribe to that Declaration, as defining the origin, nature and scope of human rights. The former are armed with bowie-knives and revolvers, and ready to stab, shoot, or hang any Abolitionist who may venture upon Southern soil; the latter resort to no other weapons than those of entreaty, warning and rebuke, meeting all calumnies with patience, all insults with forbearance, all outrages in the spirit of martyrs. In short, the former are desperately bent upon mischief, and "full of treason stratagems and spoils"; the latter are laboring disinterestedly to save the country from ruin, and fill it with the abundance of peace, by extracting the only root of bitterness.

As it respects the present tremendous conflict now going on between the forces of the Federal government and those of the Southern Confederacy, this Society, and the Abolitionists in every section of the country, are united in the sentiment, that the rebellious attitude of the former finds no justification whatever, but is marked by every feature of malignity, treachery, murderous violence, and savage barbarity; that it has for its object, not only the perpetuation of the inhuman system of slavery, but the subversion of free institutions universally; that all the allegations brought against the government, by the conspirators, of designing to interfere with slavery in an unconstitutional manner, are without foundation; that, therefore, the government is simply acting on the defensive, and endeavoring to execute its constitutional prerogatives, in accordance with the original bond of Union.

But this Society, believing the cause of this bloody strife to originate solely in slavery, and in the haughty spirit of tyrannical mastery engendered by it, deems it the height of infatuation, on the part of the government and people, to think of bringing back the rebellious portion to loyalty under the Constitution, and effecting a peaceful settlement of diffieulties, while leaving untouched the source of all those desolating judgments which are now sweeping through the land. Nor is this a desirable result. Like causes produce like effects. Neither the old compromises, nor any new ones, can produce harmony, or avert divine retribution. Our nation is reaping as it has sown. "Ye have not proclaimed liberty every man to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; therefore I proclaim a liberty for you to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine, saith the Lord." To avert still heavier judgments, therefore—to make a real union of all the States and the preservation of a free government possible—it becomes the solemn duty of the nation to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. The powers of the General government are ample for this purpose, on its own plane of action. In anticipation of the present state of things, John Quincy Adams said, years ago, in his place in the House of Representatives of the United States—laying it down as the law of nations—"From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of war, civil, servile or foreign, from that instant the war powers of Congress extend to interference with the institution of slavery in every way in which it can be interfered with. . . . Not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves." From this weighty authority, there is no intelligent dissent. The government, therefore, is invested with the power to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," in the midst of the exigencies of war, and to maintain its supremacy over the whole country. Those exigencies now fully justify the immediate exercise of that power. The rebellion is precisely where slavery exists as a cherished institution; it is the product of slavery; the whole slave population are made the efficient instruments of the rebels to overturn the government, and to consummate their treasonable designs. The enemy is yet at the gates of the Capital, threatening its security, and keeping the government in continual peril. All the property held in common by the nation, within the limits of the Southern Confederacy, has been perfidiously seized, and turned to the support of this vast slaveholding conspiracy. Hundreds of millions of property, the amount of Southern indebtedness to the North, have been basely confiscated. The nation is bleeding at every pore. The wail of bereavement is heard in every quarter; for the slain are rapidly multiplying, and every day witnesses fresh victims falling on the battle-field, struck down by the weapons of the minions of an impious slaveholding oligarchy. The daily expenditures forced upon the government by this war are of a startling character, and must constitute a fearful aggregate in the end, if the rebellion be not speedily put down. To save this ruinous waste, to stop this shocking effusion of blood, to make a solid peace possible, nothing is wanted but the total abolition of slavery. If this be not done, then there is no hope of reconciliation or prosperity, and the doom of the nation is sealed. In the language of President Lincoln, uttered before his inauguration, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. It will become all one thing, or all the other." Again: "This is a world of compensations; and he who would *be* no slave must *have* no slave. Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retan it." The President has it now in his power, as had Pharaoh of old, to let the oppressed go free, so that the land may have rest, and the retributive judgments of Heaven be removed far from it. If he refuses to improve this sublime opportunity to do the grandest and most beneficent work of the age—whether through weakness or perversity—then more than the guilt of Pharaoh will rest upon his head; and, instead of preserving the government he has sworn to defend, he will but have hastened its downfall by refusing to strike the only blow necessary for its perpetuity. But if he will declare freedom for all, wherever the flag of the nation advances, the flames of civil war will be speedily extinguished, the smiles of approving Heaven secured, and his memory will be crowned with lasting honor.

Several members of the Society expressed hearty approbation of the document.

N. R. JOHNSTON thought that especial pains should be taken to bring it before the President of the United States, and suggested the propriety of appointing a committee to go to Washington for that purpose.

JOHN THOMAS approved of the proposal, and Mr. GARRISON said that the suggestion had much in it to commend it to favorable consideration.

OLIVER JOHNSON said that, on the face of it, the document was a defence of the Society, and had nothing to do with the President. It might be well to appoint a Committee to wait on the President with a memorial for the abolition of slavery; but to present to him this document he hardly thought calculated to effect any good object.

Others concurred in this view, and the subject was dropped.

THOMAS WHITSON said that an opportunity was now offered to Abraham Lincoln, in the exercise of the war power, to entitle himself to the gratitude of all coming generations. Such an opportunity was never afforded but to one man before; that was to Pharaoh. God commanded Pharaoh to let his people go; and if he had obeyed the command and broken the shackles, he would have stopped the locusts and made his name blessed through all time. We should all have been calling our children after him. We should have had a little Pharaoh in every abolition family. But he disobeyed the command, and his name is infamous; and so will be the name of Lincoln if he turns a deaf ear to the voice which is now saying, "let my people go."

The question was taken on the adoption of the *Statement* reported by the Business Committee, and was decided in the affirmative by an unanimous vote.

The following resolutions from the Business Committee were then taken up:

Resolved, That while we hail with grateful joy the signs of the approaching victory which is to terminate our warfare, and crown with glorious success the labors of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its auxiliaries, we are deeply conscious of our obligation to pursue those labors with unremitting zeal and industry; applying, to suit the exigencies of the present times, those important instrumentalities by which so much has been accomplished, until that faith which has sustained us in the past, and which cheers us in the present hour, shall be fully turned to right, by the universal emancipation of the African slaves.

Resolved, That for the support of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, during the coming year, this Society regards it as a duty incumbent on its members to raise, by voluntary contribution, a sum double in amount that contributed during the past year.

Mr. MCKIM spoke at length, giving reasons for the adoption of both resolutions. They belonged to each other; the one expressing a sentiment and the other a purpose. The latter was the more important for practical purposes. Our business at this meeting was not primarily to make speeches—not to agitate; it was to accomplish certain practical ends, the chief of which was presented to the meeting in this resolution.

We are all agreed as to certain things; one is that this organization is to be kept up. Some speak as though this were a question. Nothing of the kind. We are of one mind on this point, and had never been otherwise. The organization must be kept up. Our Anti-Slavery Office must be kept open; but, above all, our flag—THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD—must be kept flying at our mast-head. How shall this be done? The Executive Committee were practising a rigid economy in the management of its funds. The expenses of the Anti-Slavery Office had been cut down. The aid of an assistant was dispensed with, and there would be a reduction of the salary of the publishing agent to the extent of two hundred dollars a year. The retrenchment had been general—in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as well as in that of the Pennsylvania Society, and it was due to the servants of both of these Societies to state that they had voluntarily relinquished a portion of their living, for the purpose of keeping up a paper the existence of which they deemed essential to the existence of the Society.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. McKim alluded to the Fair as a means of raising funds for the Society, and expressed his belief that that instrumentality might be omitted with advantage this year, and that the money needed could be as well raised without as with it, and gave some reasons for his conviction. He would not press the matter, however, and made no motion or proposition, having confidence that the Female Anti-Slavery Society, who had the matter in charge, would do what was wise and proper in the premises.

CHANDLER DARLINGTON agreed in the views which had been expressed, but thought that the phraseology of the first resolution should be so changed, that instead of asserting we would discontinue some of our old instrumentalities, it would affirm that we would make it a point to change or abandon our instrumentalities according as changing circumstances might make advisable. We abandoned the publication of *The Pennsylvania Freeman* when it was thought wise, and we ought to give up the Fair, or any other mere measure, if, in our judgment, it should seem expedient.

LUCRETIA MOTT approved the resolutions, but strenuously objected to what had been said about giving up the Fair. It was not for this Society to say whether the Fair should be held or not. That matter was in the hands of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and it would not be the first time that the women had been called to resist counsels of this kind. She hoped the Fair would go on, and that extra pains would be taken to disappoint the expectations of those who were anticipating a failure.

EDWIN H. COATES—though he thought there was much force in what Mr. McKim had said—had always been in favor of Fairs.

SIMPSON PRESTON intimated doubts of the expediency of the Fair at this time.

MARY GREW argued earnestly and at length in favor of the Fair, and deprecated anything looking toward its abandonment.

ANNA E. DICKINSON followed with much animation on the same side of the question.

Mr. MCKIM said he had listened with interest and a desire to be corrected, if he was wrong, to all that had been said in reply to the suggestion he had incidentally thrown out, that in his judgment it would be well this year to intermit the Fair; and that he fully agreed with all that had been said in favor of continued fidelity to the cause; but that he was still of the opinion that the object of the resolution under discussion could be as well, and, he would add, better accomplished without than with the Fair. Having said this, he had no more to add on the subject, there or elsewhere.

The resolution was adopted.

The Finance Committee was called upon to report; but the Chairman not being present, it was intimated that the result of their efforts would be seen in the next report of the Treasurer in THE STANDARD.

THOS. CURTIS said the North was in a favorable state for anti-slavery labor, and urged at some length the duty of persistence.

Mr. ANDERSON, one of the escaped John Brown men, said he had never made a speech in public, but that his feelings would not allow him to be silent. He then proceeded to utter a most feeling address in behalf of the cause in general, and of the proscribed class with which, as a colored man, he was identified. His address, though evidently extemporaneous, was well conceived and admirably expressed.

Mr. GARRISON then made some valedictory remarks, in which he expressed the pleasure he had had in the meeting, the happiness it always afforded him to meet his Pennsylvania friends—the friends who were the first to take him by the hand when he began his work—and his belief that the time was near when he and they should unite in a song of jubilee over the ransomed millions of our countrymen, in whose behalf they had so long been laboring.

Adjourned *sine die*.

REUBEN TOMLINSON, Secretary.

CROWDED.—Correspondents will see, in the crowded state of our columns, the reason of the non-appearance of their favors. If our sheet were twice as large as it is, we could fill it with matter of high import and permanent value.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LVIII.

OCTOBER 7th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Before this reaches you, some decisive turn must have been taken about admitting the real cause, and confronting the proper issue of the war. So the latest news seems to convey; the news, namely, that Gen. Fremont is not recalled, and that he has thrown on the President the responsibility of modifying the proclamation which has caused so much satisfaction among Abolitionists everywhere. It seems impossible that the true question should be ignored any longer; and we are hoping to hear next that the one class of citizens who have, for a long course of years, been looking forward to this crisis, have come forward to lead their less-prepared neighbors in a demand for emancipation which could not now be refused. We should like to hear that the Abolitionists had opened communications with all the leading official men and politicians, to urge them on in the only right direction, and to supply them with the knowledge and the ideas and principles which would be a perfect godsend to statesmen and chief citizens at such a moment as the present. How much this is still needed, I judge by the odd way in which the correspondents of both American and European newspapers go on speaking of emancipation as a calamity—a perfect "abomination of desolation." They assume that the negroes must be carried away somewhere; that the land must become a wilderness, and the owners be murdered; and it seems never to have entered their heads that while the land, labor, and capital are all together, needing only a fresh arrangement, there must be the means of welfare to all; and that the passions of the slaveowners are the only obstacle to prosperity. By giving the negroes as wages what is now spent on their maintenance, and allowing them to change masters, there might be higher prosperity in the American cotton States than they have ever known yet. The passions of the whites are the insurmountable obstacle; but it shows great ignorance to write of emancipation as the calamity, instead of the hindrances to it. We do not know what to expect while Boston and New York and Philadelphia citizens can write in such a way at the very time that Fremont is issuing his proclamation. It will be the work of the Abolitionists to ascertain how many are worthy to support that onward movement. I suppose nobody ever expected the President to do so. He has certainly never authorized any supposition that he would. We cannot expect the conduct of an Abolitionist from one who would not have been President but for his repudiation of abolitionism. He has pledged himself too often to the unworthy provisions of the Constitution to violate them now without overwhelming necessity. We imagine that he will admit the necessity, very graciously, if you bring it to bear upon him. If the Fremont policy is but warmly enough welcomed, the President will be happy to acquiesce in it, no doubt; and then you must all set to work to reorganize society in the Southern States, and afford release and relief to citizens there who may be as warmly attached to the Union, and as much disgusted with slavery as anybody at the North. There has been, I am aware, a great change of sentiment, and a great decline in civilization since I was in the slave States; but I am as strongly persuaded now as I was five and twenty years ago that there are large numbers of citizens there, rich and poor, who abhor slavery as intensely as we do. There will be a welcome ready for the Northern troops on many a plantation, from whites no less than blacks, unless the inhabitants are more changed than is conceivable. If the ignorant prejudices there about the character and manners of Northern men should at first obstruct the welcome, that is an obstacle which will soon give way; and I do not see why Northern and Southern men (*some* of each) should not be working together in peace for the reorganization of industry and the relations which belong to it, before twelve months have passed over our heads. For this, however, the indispensable requisite is such a spirit of clear determination in Northern men as will sustain the Generals in a course like Fremont's, and leave the President in no doubt as to the course he must adopt; and what can finally become of the Confederates I cannot conceive. We are anxious to hear of more naval expeditions winning a footing for you on the coasts. At this moment, though the war has gone against the North thus far, there seems no reason to change our impression that the Confederates cannot hold out. Their disabilities arise from permanent causes, while the Unionists' misfortunes are of a surmountable kind; and it seems reasonable to believe, as steadily as ever, that each lodgment on any part of the coast must be a long step towards the issue of the war. That method must at least settle the point of the real amount of Union and anti-slavery feeling in the South. I see the New York *Herald* bids Europeans be easy as to cotton supply. We do not regulate our expectations by that authority, and are not disposed to continue to the South its monopoly of supply of that staple; but we shall soon know if cotton should begin to arrive from that quarter, whether the South is really as weak and divided as we cannot but believe it to be.

Meantime, the day is certainly at hand when it will be more important to the South to sell us her cotton than to us to buy it. The revolution in cotton growing has proceeded too far now to go back. The quantity of Surat cotton at present in England is greater than the brokers here ever expected to see; and our manufacturers find it easier than they had supposed to adapt their machinery to its use. From the West Indies and Egypt the reports are highly encouraging; and the finest sort, which equals even South Carolina growth, is producible with such ease and certainty in Queensland that a company is already formed for the enterprise. It seems incredible that even Southern ignorance and self-sufficiency should really believe that England and France will intervene for the sake of cotton; but if the delusion does exist, it is to be hoped that the news of foreign cotton markets and fields will soon penetrate to the remotest American plantations. There might be little use in explaining (what I am persuaded is the fact) that the cotton question has made no difference whatever in European opinion of your civil war—that it has had no effect whatever on public sentiment here; but there is an eloquence in the fact that we shall soon be able to do without American cotton, which may strengthen the Union sentiment in the South, and possibly aid the movement towards emancipation.

In the interval, a new prospect is opening here which gladdens the hearts of multitudes in the two great European nations. There seems to be a fair prospect already that England and France may, under their comparatively free trade, compensate to each other what they lose by the war in America. Last week will stand in French history as a memorable date. On the 1st of October, the last of the prohibitions expired which are dealt with by the treaty with England. The consequences of preceding relaxations have already reconciled whole classes of alarmed French protectionists to the changes of this year; and travellers in France send home cheering accounts of the satisfaction of consumers at their new choice of convenient and cheap commodities, by the introduction of which native industry is also quickened. The point of time is far from favorable—the deficient harvest having caused a scarcity of money in France, while supplies are purchased abroad; but the people feel how much better is a brief scarcity of gold than a year's scarcity of corn; and they have learned enough, in the course of a year, to separate the evils of a deficient harvest from the operation of free trade. Their commerce is far yet from being freed; but every relaxation is a proved benefit; and there is a fine spirit of hope and thankfulness among the people which will issue in an improved public sentiment. They cannot but perceive, with every month's experience, that the extravagance of their military government, and of its socialistic policy, is enough to ruin the most industrious nation; and already they are showing a strong dislike to unnecessary war. The passion for "glory" is certainly much diminished; and there is some hope now that the Emperor may not always be able to plead, in defence of his aggressive policy, the necessity of having and employing a vast army. The peaceful intercourses of trade are already neutralizing the mischief-making of military wranglers; and neither people will be disposed to let others make quarrels for them when they have once perceived how enormous is the trade by which they can enrich each other. How enormous it may be, we are just beginning to understand. There is, as usual in such cases, much panic among certain classes of manufacturers in France. There is none here, though our trade is far freer than the French; and we well know how such panics always issue in prosperity, enlightenment, and the enlargement of popular liberty. German politics have postponed for four years the extension of the same benefits to some other peoples. One consequence is an apparent benefit to England; but we know that equal and growing freedom would be better for everybody; and we regret the delay. We must hope that the four years will be employed in learning a lesson from the renovated fortunes of industrial France.

From Russia the tidings are very dark and dreary. The empire seems to be on the verge of ruin. If the Czar had but had courage to begin his task at the right end, he might have saved his empire. As it is, every official concerned in the work of emancipation is his enemy, and tries to spoil the experiment; and the serfs have lost their last consolation—faith in their Emperor. No longer satisfied of his absolute wisdom, power and goodness (and it *was* idolatry before), they are unmanageable, throughout the remoter provinces. The proprietors have no money, no market, no prospect of crops—no hope, and nothing before them but ruin. There is no middle-class there, to pull the others through; and there is no money to be had—no means of living for anybody. There are two parties—the old Russian and the German—contending for the guidance of the empire—both in antagonism with the Czar, in whose own family there are also fierce divisions. The hour so long foreboded by Russian patriots is apparently at hand; and Russian ruin differs from all other in there being no materials out of which to build up a polity afresh. A Czar, a bureaucracy the most corrupt in Europe, a pseudo-aristocracy, and an innumerable multitude of slaves are not material for constituting a nation, in a chaotic country where commerce has never taken root. The sovereigns of continental Europe are at present the most careworn members of society. Except those who carry a bad conscience, none can be so heavily burdened as the Russian Emperor. While we all grieve for him, we thankfully remember that he cannot make war, and that Europe is relieved from the menace of one great aggressive power. We rather wonder that the Czar does not understand *your* case better than to admonish you and your enemy to make up your quarrel. We supposed he knew better.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28, 1861.

"THE *last* defeat of the Federal troops" has become a familiar heading to the war news of our morning journals. Big Bethel, Bull Run, Springfield, Lexington, and other names were synonyms for disgraceful defeat and disaster, and now we may add another name—that of Edwards's Ferry, or Ball's Bluff. The rebel steamer George Page is cruising in the Potomac—the Potomac is closed—and the rebels have driven back the Federal troops with great slaughter in their attempt to cross the upper Potomac. This is a statement of the events of the week. Perhaps I should say, rather, this is *one* statement of the events of the week. And yet such a statement would leave out of view the most extraordinary event of the week—the deliberate suppression of the truth by the government, and I might almost say the direct instigation of falsehood.

When the news first came in from Edwards's Ferry, the government, or rather Mr. Seward (for it was his work), sent an order down to the Telegraph office that *nothing* respecting the affair should be permitted to go off upon the wires except matter which the government would prepare, and that would be sent through the agency of the Associated Press. These first dispatches were mostly *untrue*. In other words, the government attempted the old despotic game of deceiving the people in regard to a lost battle. Favorable dispatches were either fabricated out of whole cloth, or were so worded as to leave an impression which the truth would have instantly proved to be wrong. But the truth could not be permitted to pass by telegraph to the people of the free States.

The people having learned that the government can upon occasion deceive them, will not know when to believe its statements, and bad as is the reputation of some of the sensation-telegraphers, it is far superior henceforth to that of the government.

And yet, while the sad tragedy was being enacted at Ball's Bluff, the President and Cabinent were in session deliberating on the removal of Fremont! Nobody talks of removing Gen. Stone, who, by his terrible blunders, sacrificed seven or eight hundred brave soldiers. He being a West Point officer, and, above everything else, being perfectly sound on the slavery question, can remain subject to no court martial or removal. Fremont, however, must be constantly harassed with rumors of his removal. It is but just to the President, however, to say that a unanimous Cabinet has decided that Fremont should be removed. Those ardent Republicans, who, in connection with the Fremont matter, take occasion to criticise the pro-slavery members of the Cabinet, do them injustice. Mr. Chase is reported, on excellent authority, to be as firmly in favor of the removal of the Western General as Edward Bates himself. At the last accounts the President alone hesitated, knowing full well that the responsibility of the act rests with him, no matter who advises it. My own opinion still is that Fremont will have a further opportunity to give battle to Price; and if, by good fortune, he should obtain the opportunity of meeting him on the field of battle, and should beat him, he would save himself from removal; for after such a victory no Administration would dare touch him.

But I must return to the unfortunate affair at Ball's Bluff. It would seem that a disaster of this kind were actually worse than a crime at such a period in the history of the war as this. Indeed it is said that Gen. McClellan was terribly agitated when the news of the blunder had come, and stormed like a man overtaken with an unexpected calamity. Gen. Stone seems to have managed his reconnoisance shockingly. The whole thing was terribly mismanaged. Stone was only four miles distant from the battle-field, and yet knew nothing of it till it was mostly over. He ordered the reconnoisance made when he knew there were only two or three canal boats with which to ford a river fifteen feet deep, and did not go near the scene of operations. *The plan* of operations military men say was good enough, if the details had been well arranged, but the details were from first to last left to chance. Such stupidity was scarcely ever seen before—and yet Gen. Stone is the man who threatened to hang a newspaper correspondent last summer for being found within his lines, for the alleged reason that it was dangerous for newspaper men to know anything of army operations. If a half dozen sharp reporters could have exposed Stone's inefficiency, the country might have been saved another disheartening and disgraceful defeat. Disgraceful to the officers who planned and executed it, but not to the soldiers who fought—*they*, according to the testimony of all the witnesses, fought very bravely and nobly—alas! to no purpose. For strange to say, though a footing was fairly established on the Virginia shore, and finally six thousand men had been thrown across, yet the peremptory order came from Washington to move them all back again! The authorities here excuse themselves by saying that it was not intended to throw the army across, that a simple reconnoisance was the only intent of Gen. Scott. Thus six or eight hundred men were sacrificed that our Generals might discover whether the rebels were in force this side of Leesburg, a piece of intelligence which a half dozen ordinary scouts should be able to learn.

Some of our thoughtful men, those who now and then think long enough to forget the price of cotton and codfish, begin to ask the question, "Why is it that the government meets with such a steady stream of reverses?" Sure enough—Why is it? I know it is an easy matter to give one's own interpretration of the acts of Providence, but in this case it certainly comes home with irresistible force that God is dealing severely with the government of the United States, and that He is not smiling upon us, thus far, in this war. A few weak mortals may rush to an extreme, and admit that the slaveholders are in the right, and God is upon their side. Not so the intelligent and the wise. God cannot love cruelty, injustice, theft. But is it not very probable that he will not bless our arms so long as we cling to our old-fashioned injustice to the slave? *Something* cripples us at every turn we take—on every battle-field, whenever we attempt to make a reconnoisance. *What is it?* If it be a fact that there is no military skill in our army, and no soldiership among our troops, then we may as well give Jeff. Davis a welcome first as last. But such cannot be the fact. Our troops will fight well, and we have many good officers—but something is wrong. Whether the Administration ever will see it is beyond my power to say. Mr. Lincoln is a frank, honest man, but he seems to be exceedingly obtuse in everything relating to the slavery question. Or is it possible that he sees where the difficulty lies, but has not the courage to meet it like a man? I sometimes fear so. The chief fault in his character is that *he is weak*. He is not a brave, bold man. Such men as Holt and Bates have a strong hold upon him. Such a man as Mr. Seward moulds him at his will. What chance, then, is there of reaching him with arguments, even those thundered into his ears by great disasters, so long as great men are at his side to explain them away? Some of Mr. Seward's friends assert that he will soon take bold ground upon the slavery question, and that he is only biding his time to come out openly for its entire abolition—by the sword if necessary. The story current here for a week that he has written to Archbishop Hughes, thanking him for his reply to Brownson's abolition article, is false. Mr. Seward does not so commit himself, no matter what his real sentiments may be. Senators Wade, Trumbull, Chandler and other Western members of Congress are here trying to strengthen Abraham Lincoln's backbone. They urge immediate action upon the President—the hearty support of Gen. Fremont—and a decided anti-slavery policy. Mr. Lincoln talks against Fremont, but does not seem to be ready to remove him. He fears to face the sentiment of the West upon the subject. He asked a Western member of Congress the other day, "Had I not better remove Fremont than lose our Western army?" The reply was as ready as the question. "Why did you not remove Scott for Bull Run? Why do you still retain Stone in the army after his criminal blunders at Edwards's Ferry? Why is it that *only* in the West Generals are to be removed for blunders committed?" Fremont remains. It is said that he *will be* removed—and yet he is not.

The New York *Herald* is playing a high-handed game in Washington. Though known by all intelligent people to be full of treason, secession, and pro-slavery villany, it is trying to become the organ of a Republican Administration which it abused up to the moment of the fall of Sumter. I am sorry to add that there seems to be a disposition in Presidential circles to acknowledge it as a proper defender of the Administration. Mr. Lincoln is not ashamed of the brutal, blackguard sheet, and Mr. Seward says it is the best of the New York journals. Is it not amusing that the very *Herald*, which for years has swung the "bloody and brutal Rochester speech" at Mr. Seward's head should now be the defender of Mr. Seward, and that the quondam defender of anti-slavery principles should now gladly take to the most infamous journal the world ever owned as his favorite and friend? We have fallen upon *queer*, as well as evil, times. The prospect now is that the Administration will become Tylerized. There is talk already among Republican members of Congress of opposing their own Administration. The measures of the government will not pass the next session of Congress without the aid of Democrats, so strong already is the feeling against it in certain quarters. These facts are a part of passing history, and I put them upon record. Of course, should victory soon perch upon our banners, this feeling would be changed. If the army moves onward to do its best—if the Administration is brave, bold and energetic in its dealings with the foe—then confidence in it will again be restored, and the rising discontent will subside. But men of ordinary intelligence have no confidence in the do-nothing policy, and rather than pursue it another year would acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, knowing well that it must eventually be the result of the present policy of the government.

AVON.

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

THE undersigned, citizens of , State of , respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

☞ *Editors of newspapers are requested to give this Memorial one or more insertions in their columns.*

Printed copies of the above Memorial may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and of Joel McMillan, Salem, Ohio. Persons applying to Mr. McMillan will enclose payment at the rate of $1.25 per hundred, to cover cost of paper and printing.

NOTICE.—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio, is an Agent for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; and is fully authorized to receive new subscriptions to the same, as well as payments on old accounts. Mrs. Brown's address is 288 Superior street.

Chronicles of the War.

THE report of the Pennsylvania Annual Meeting fills so large a portion of our space, that we are compelled to set aside nearly all the matter prepared for publication under this head the present week. The history of the week, however, presents no feature of great importance, if we except the departure of the long-anticipated Naval and Military Expedition, of which a brief account will be found below.

Military and Naval Expedition.

The great Military and Naval Expedition so long talked of is now believed to be on its way to its appointed destination. It embraces an immense fleet of war ships and vessels of transportation. The destination of the fleet is, of course, a secret; we shall undoubtedly, however, have important tidings from it within a very few days. Indeed, at any hour we may receive the news of operations on a scale hitherto unknown in the annals of the rebellion. The military part of the expedition includes about 16,000 troops. The following order was sent out with the commanders of the forces accompanying the expedition:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Oct. 14, 1861.

SIR: In conducting military operations within States declared by the proclamation of the President to be in a state of insurrection, you will govern yourself, so far as persons held to service under the laws of such States are concerned, by the principles of the letters addressed by me to Major-Gen. Butler on the 30th of May and the 8th of August, copies of which are herewith furnished to you. As special directions, adapted to special circumstances, cannot be given, much must be referred to your own discretion, as Commanding-General of the

Miscellaneous Department.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

COMMUNICATED FOR THE STANDARD.

THE SHOAL AND THE DEEP.

A SERMON,

BY REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Launch out into the deep.—*Luke* v. 4.

These words were uttered by Jesus to Simon Peter, on occasion of what is called "the miraculous draught of fishes," though what there was miraculous about it I could never discern. It was before Simon had left his occupation entirely to follow Christ, that Jesus, standing near the lake Gennecaret, saw two ships, into one of which, namely Simon's, he entered. Sitting there he taught the people who were on shore. He then turned to Simon, and, probably in connection with his discourse, said, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." The result was a great multitude of fishes, though, according to Simon's declaration, they had "toiled all the night and taken nothing." Jesus himself gave the profound truth which the incident illustrates so well, by saying to Simon, "Fear not, and from henceforth thou shalt catch men." They at once felt the force of the illustration—these poor fishermen. Whilst recognizing already in Christ the great truth of their age, they yet had not fully launched with their all upon it. They yet kept near the shore of the as yet unexplored sea; they listened with gladness to the teachings of Jesus, but kept one eye on their nets. They feared to launch too far out from the old shallows of Judaism. So, after showing them how much more they got, even in their worldly occupation, by launching out into the deep, he calls them to their higher mission, and says, "Fear not"—for it was fear that kept them from giving all to the holy cause—"Fear not, and ye shall catch men." And, it is added, when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him. They had launched out into the deep.

In every age there is a deep. Far back as we trace the successive generations of mankind, we find that each generation revolved about some central truth as upon a pivot. Each has had its own specific idea, and not that of any other. Each generation is sure, too, to work out its own mission. Individuals may falter, leading minds may fail to be true to their age's task, but the average generation is faithful, and it is always found in the summing up that, in every age, there is sure to be moral power enough lodged to fulfil the calling and realize the spirit of that age.

The fact signified to us, in what we call "the spirit of the age," has always been felt and expressed by mankind. The age of Paradise had a spirit as much as the age of America—the year 1 as much as the year '61. But, more, all ages have handed down, the one to the other, in unbroken tradition, that God manifests himself directly in the spirit of the age. In the great never-ended, ever-unfolding Book of Revelation, each age must write a chapter—and the spirit of the age is the Holy Ghost, guiding the pen that writes; and, though clothed in fallible guise, in each such chapter there is an infallible revelation to those who can interpret the same in the spirit that wrote it.

Under some name or other the truest men have always adored the spirit of their age; but the majority, generally, refuses to worship it until it has passed away before a fresh embodiment of that spirit. When they should be heeding the voice of the Present, they are garnishing the sepulchre of the Past; which, when it was alive, they stoned. The majority, we fear, are always behind their age—dead, and burying their dead.

The Oriental Religions have, probably, the most dramatic expression of this belief in their doctrine of Avatars. Vishnu enters the world, and dwells among men in many Avatars, according to their faith. (Avatar is a Sanscrit word, signifying "a descending.")

The Hindu believes that Vishnu has already had nine Avatars upon the earth, the last being Buddha. They are now looking for the tenth, as Kalki—under which name they believe that their deity is to come upon earth, and lead on the universal reign of Purity, Justice and Peace. It is not difficult to see that at the basis of this theology—which is that of many millions of people—is the idea of the adaptation of the Deity to the changing needs of the world. Each Avatar was only the name for the spirit of the age in which it appeared. As Krishna, Vishnu fought the wicked of the earth; as Buddha he persuaded the Asuras, the ancient enemies of the gods, to abandon their faith in the Vedas. Referring to what Hindu history remains, we find that each of these Avatars was, when it appeared, simply what we should call a great cause, or reform. In fine, such epochs as the advent of Christianity, or the Protestant Reformation, or the American Revolution, are of the kind called by them Avatars of Vishnu. And well would it be for our materialistic age, if, in the same way, we sat at the feet of each great Cause, as, in the order of God, it rises, and recognized in the spirit of the age the manifestation and incarnation for that age of the Supreme and Invisible One.

I may remark, before leaving this introduction, that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews gives an exactly similar interpretation to the religion of the Hebrews—as a series of Avatars of the Deity, the last of which was Jesus Christ. The opening paragraph of this Epistle reads: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things." The age of the priest, the age of the prophet, the Messianic age are here brought before us, as successive Avatars of Jehovah upon earth.

Divesting these old religions—Hindu and Hebrew—of the local and transient garb in which they are invested, we gather from them the essential truth, that to every age there is a Great Deep, toward which all the currents of life tend, and which, under ever-renewed forms, is the Perpetual Christ.

An old proverb says: "You cannot bathe twice in the same stream." Look into life; look into your own human heart; look upon the page of history, to see the profound significance of that proverb. "Through the windings of recorded civilization," says a wise writer, "through the golden ages that harden into the iron and the brass, and then refine to gold again, through the dark ages and the bright, through reigns of terror and reigns of Saturn, through reigns of philosophy and reigns of madness, man has not been twice alike from the hour of his birth." We are older every moment; we have new accesions of experience, new styles of consciousness, and we see things in a different light. "All the world's a stage"—a stage with new proscenium and decorations nightly, and a change of play; there is many a spicy, quarrelsome recast, and an audience and actors whom we never saw before. Nations, races, generations, can never bathe in the stream wherein their fathers bathed. Lo, it has fled, and new waters lave the old shores. In vain does the Christian world, pining for what it calls a more primitive Christianity, seek out the old letter, and old rites and forms, and manuscripts, of the Apostolic age. Colder and more barren they become who the more nearly reach those ancient forms, simply because they are set in the order of God not to live in the Apostolic age, but in their own age. The world cannot be cleansed in that old stream twice. There was a time when about the very person of Jesus clustered all the life-giving virtues; simply because to follow that persecuted peasant about Judea involved heroic self-sacrifices—to follow him was to brave fashion, wealth and power—to launch out into the deep. There was a later time, when to profess faith in Christ and him crucified was as bold as it was in this country, a few months ago, to profess faith in John Brown and him hung—then it was vital. But the old symbols of the Cross, the worship of Jesus, having become the fashion, have no longer any room for self-sacrifice and heroism in their train—and there is more vitality found in substituting for them the symbols of our own age and our own painful duty. The apostles looked for Christ's second coming; but he has had his second coming, nay, he has had many advents into the world; the holy Virgin America is in birth-pangs to-day, and he is being new-born unto us. The wise men already see his star rising over our night. Ere long angels shall announce his birth with their song of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christianity was the deepest spirit of the age when it appeared. The deepest thing of every age, whatever it is called, *is* its Christianity. And in each age it may be said that there is no other way given under Heaven whereby men can be saved, except a full entrance into the spirit and mission of their own age. Only those who launch out into that deep feel all the power flowing through the world; only those who let down their nets out there become the rescuers and saviors of men.

Self-sacrifice is only self-love spiritualized. No age can be so dependent upon individual men as they are on it. An age goes on fulfilling its mission and trust by inexorable law. With each generation he sends forth God says, "It shall not return unto me void." As soon might we expect the earth to falter on its axis, or the sun-rise fail at its appointed moment, as that an age should fail of its appointed results. No, it is individual men and individual nations who alone can fail, by not launching upon the Great Deep of their age, and so being left by the tide that waits for none, stranded high and dry upon the shore. If to-night Cincinnati should be turned to a smoking ruin under the torch of slavery, would liberty be set back in her steady advance over this continent? Just as the morrow's sun would rise with undimmed lustre and serenity over the smoking ruins; just as the morrow-night's stars would look quietly down from their sacred elevation upon our destruction, so would Liberty—whose shadow cannot be turned back on eternity's dial—go calmly on to her throne. The sacking of our nation's Capital—the devastation of the whole country—these would be the loss of those who feared to launch out into the deep of Liberty, but they would be but bursting bubbles upon the Great Deep of this age, which, like all ages, holds an ark for all who launch bravely with it, but a deluge for all who seek in the shallows to save themselves in cockle-shells and pleasure-boats. Buried kingdoms of animals sleep beneath our feet; they could not rise to the ascending conditions of life. Buried kingdoms of men sleep behind us in the past—wrecked on shoals and rocks, because they could not, or did not, launch out on the great laws of Life and Truth. These are the mighty Fates presiding over the earth, spinning out the life of that man or nation that still serves the Eternal purpose, cutting short the thread of man or nation which, uncut, would bind back the chariot-wheels that bear Law and Liberty onward over the world.

Solemn, sad, inexorable sit these mighty Destinies which represent the Laws which cannot pause. Out into the deep! they cry: in the shallows you will toil all night and take nothing. Launch out, they cry, or the tide shall ebb and leave thee. So came Christianity into the world, the Great Deep calling to the nations to launch out upon it. And Judea, and every nation that refused to obey, were dashed on the very breakers of the shore they hugged, by the mighty waves swelling up from that Deep. Protestantism came—the Great Deep of its age—appealing to the nations; and Spain and Italy, and every other nation that refused to launch upon that great cause, was left behind by the mighty current to rot like old hulks upon the arid sand-bars of time. Where is any nation that ever adhered to old forms, of government or religion, when higher were revealed, which is not entirely out of the race of civilization, and whose entire life is not confined to those in its midst termed revolutionists, who are seeking to shove, and pull, and tug, to get their country out from the shoals, and out upon the great deep, where the nations surrendered to liberty are wafted on to wealth and power? Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, are the coupling-pins that fasten their countries on to the train of civilization.

What is the spirit of this age? There never was an age which had a vaster Deep—never one where more voices called on every heart to launch forth upon it. It seems to me that we have just passed from the spirit of one age to another. The spirit that has hitherto led us was Liberty. Liberty has been for a long time the one sacred watchword of nations. It has left at its climax the pillars of this government like the pillars of Hercules. But we are now being taught that there is a Law higher than Liberty—Equality, Justice. Liberty runs, as the severe lesson of the hour instructs, into anarchy and wrong, unless it is squared to the sacred rule of Justice in the sense of Equality. The insane rebellion at the South is for Liberty—but for Liberty divorced from Justice, the liberty to bind the slave faster, and to crush a nation that will not, for oppression's sake, tear the last vestige of Humanity from its heart. At this point, then, rises the spirit of a new era: we are to prove to the world that liberty, to be secure, must rest upon justice; we are to learn that the right to wrong a black man implies the right to wrong a white one; and that only that liberty is firmly placed which is broad and democratic as the law that all men are born free and equal. Alas! we can prove this by our destruction as clearly as by our triumph. The great cause of Liberty has been fought and won. All people desire and love liberty *for themselves*. The South wants Liberty for itself. But the cause of Justice is not won. We are just entering upon its great and final conflict. The French were right in the order of their old motto—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." We have passed through the conflicts of mere liberty—we are not yet up to the great Day of Fraternity, when men shall love each other as brothers. Our work now is to destroy caste, to demand that if men cannot be yet loved as brothers they shall be treated as equals. The South has declared that we shall not be equals in this government; we have resolved that we will be. It is a war for equality: it is an equinoctial storm—and rose on the meridian-moment when slavery's nights and freedom's days became equal in this government. But if we are not ready to launch out to the deep of this principle—if we are not ready to extend to all, white or black, the equality we are claiming for ourselves, this epoch will grind us into paint to put on the canvas of its golden future.

And now, my fellow-men, are we, as individuals, ready to launch out into the Deep of this era—the Great Deep of Human right—the sacred cause of Justice between man and man? I cannot, alas, ask if our government is prepared. I know it is not—and that the first brave bark that tried to launch out upon the real depth of our conflict was overpowered and brought back into the shallows of Acts of Congress. Simply his proclamation was a better deed than all the Acts of Congress for thirty years. But I also know that such cowardice on the part of our government is simply the cropping out of the cowardice of the people—yes, of the timidity all around us, which trembles at truth as if it were treason—which faints when wrong is cut to the quick, instead of paired smoothly—which dreads to have the axe laid to the root of the poisonous tree. I do not fear for Law or Liberty; I do not despair of the ultimate reign of Right over this continent and over the world; but I do sometimes feel a sickening fear come over me that the people of the North are unworthy to win that triumph—a shuddering doubt whether we as a nation have enough moral courage to save us from falling victims to our own panic fears. There is yet in the country a worse than Bull Run panic whenever the seat of our national disease is touched. But still the law remains, that only if we launch out into the deep will we rescue men. Our people go all around it, and skip over it, and skim the surface of it; whilst the coils of Destiny are closing nearer and nearer to crush African slavery; and to crush this nation if it be found on the side of African. Whilst we are paltering with our pitiful fears, and asking, "What shall we do with the negroes if we free them"? as if it depended on us to see that God's universe suffered no harm—the Judgment Day draws near, when we shall be much more anxious to know what to do with ourselves. What to do with the negroes, forsooth! We have answered that question clearly enough, one would think. Grind them down—crush the heart and hope out of them—bury them alive in the tombs of ignorance and despair—make life a long hell to them, that we may have cotton and sugar. We have answered it our way: God is answering it his way. He gave the negro to us to take care of once: I doubt if he'll do it again. If any man doesn't see that slavery is the cause of this war, and that the lever with which the South seeks to overthrow this country has slavery for its long arm, slavery for its short arm, and slavery for its fulcrum, then I pity his head; if, seeing this, he is unwilling to strike the heart of the flagrant wrong, and trust the consequences to ourselves and the negro to the God who holds the destiny of both—then I pity his heart and his head both. "Only an idiot suffers twice to learn one lesson." And it is a shame—a crying shame—tenfold worse than all the disasters we have had—that here in this age of the world, men who can read and write, who are willing to stand quiet and see our infatuated government paddling along in the shallows of this Great Epoch, whilst the golden tide of Opportunity ebbs away into the Great Deep, guiding America as 'twere a fishing-smack instead of the life-ship of nations. Are you men? What were your tongues given you for? Why were you given brains to know the truth, and hearts to throb with reverse and indignation?

I implore you, in God's name, and for your own sake, launch out into the deep! Strike no sail to fear, but sail the sea with God. There the brave winds are blowing, there the strong currents flowing right onward to the eternal sea! The spirit of this period appeals to every man—not for its own cause, but for his—and is able to make each one here, who will give his whole heart to it, twice the man he is. Alas! how many are there living in this great and glorious time, when all the fountains of the universe are bursting up with living waters—how many, I say, will allow the life-freighted moments to pass over their quailing minds, leaving them just as stupid as they were before. The wreck of the Union would be nothing in itself; the real tragedy of such an event would be the poverty of mind and heart implied in the people who lost it, because they had not courage to proclaim it the land of the free, and only free, white or black.

It remains to be seen if there may not be enough men ready to launch the nation upon the Great Deep of Right, Justice, Equality—and we give the lie to these so long as there is a slave held under this government—enough to do it and save it thereby. Some people expect the ship to launch itself out into the deep; they are waiting to see their rulers at Washington strike to the heart of rebellion. But the ship will never launch itself: if the people do not put their shoulders to the government and compel it to launch forth that which the eyes of the world are now straining to see—a great free Republic—then they will see their government standing still, as it is now, and watching the country going to ruin, piece by piece, until it is an utter wreck. The people are the only power in this land; the power behind all thrones—behind President, Cabinet and Congress. When the people are willing to strike for the heart of the Right—which is to the heart of the Wrong—their sinews at Washington will contract and their fist on the Potomac will strike. Then let every man, woman and child, listen to the call of the time; let each put himself, herself in contact with the great seething heart of the present; and the crisis shall be safely passed, and a nation shall exist on this hemisphere more glorious than was ever pictured in the gorgeous vision of the Seer, or foretold in the entranced utterance of prophets.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPIER MACHE.

The following is a description of the manufacturing processes (taken from the London *Ironmonger*), as practised at the works of Messrs. Leveridge and Shoolbred, at Wolverhampton:

There are at present five principal varieties of *papier mache* known in the trade, viz.: 1. Sheets of paper pasted together upon models; 2. Thick sheets or boards produced by pressing ordinary paper pulp between dies; 3. *Fibrous slab*, which is made of the coarse varieties of fibre only, mixed with some earthy matter, and certain chemical agents introduced for the purpose of rendering the mass incombustible; a cementing size is added, and the whole well kneaded together with the aid of steam. The kneaded mass is passed repeatedly through iron rollers, which squeeze it out to a perfectly uniform thickness; it is then dried at a proper temperature; 4. *Carton pierre*, which is made of pulp or paper mixed with whiting and glue, pressed into plaster piece-molds, backed with paper, and when sufficiently set, hardened by drying in a hot room; 5. *Martin's Ceramic papier mache*, a new composition, patented in 1858, which consists of paper pulp, rosin, glue, dying oil, and sugar of lead mixed in certain fixed proportions, and kneaded together; this composition is extremely plastic, and may be worked, pressed, or molded into any required form. It may be preserved in this plastic condition for several months by keeping the air away, and occasionally kneading the mass.

The first mentioned variety of *papier mache* alone engages our attention here. A special kind of paper, of a porous texture, is manufactured for this purpose. An iron mold of somewhat smaller size than the object required is greased with Russian tallow, a sheet of the paper is laid on to the greased surface of the mold, and covered over with a coat of paste made of the best biscuit flour and glue, which is spread evenly all over the sheet with the hands, another sheet is then laid on, and rubbed down evenly, so that the two sheets are closely pasted together at all points. After this, the mold is taken to the drying chamber, where it is exposed to a temperature of about 120 deg.; when quite dry, which it takes several hours to accomplish, it is carried back to the pasting-room, and another sheet laid on with another coat of paste, after which it is returned to the drying chamber, and the same operation is repeated over and over again until sufficient thickness is attained, which, for superior articles, such as are manufactured at these works, requires from thirty to forty sheets of paper, and, of course, as many coats of paste between. The shell is then removed from the mold and planed to shape with a carpenter's plane, after which it is dipped in linseed oil and spirits of tar to harden it; this changes the color from gray to a dingy yellowish-brown tint. The article is then stoved, and seven or eight coats of varnish are laid on (with a stoving after each), which are cleared off each time, any inequalities of surface being finally removed with pumice-stone. The number of drying processes the articles have to go through consume so much time that it takes three or four weeks to fit them for ornamentation, which is applied in bronze powder, gold or color, and for many articles also in mother-of-pearl. The ornamentation of these articles is sometimes effected in the highest style of the painter's art. It was in Wolverhampton that Bird, R.A., worked as a "japanner"—the technical name given to an "ornamentor"; and we believe some other of our great artists have sprung from the pursuit of this occupation.

The gold-leaf is laid on with a solution of isinglass in water, the design then penciled on with asphaltum, the superfluous gold removed with a dossil of cotton dipped in water, which leaves intact the parts touched with asphaltum, and the latter finally removed with essence of turpentine. The cotton pledgets used are, of course, carefully collected, to recover the gold removed by them.

After the application of every coat of color or varnish, the object so colored or varnished is dried in an oven or chamber, called a stove, and heated by flues to as high a temperature as can safely be employed without injuring the articles or causing the varnish to blister. All articles so japanned, or, to use the technical term, "stoved," are more durable than they would be if simply left to dry in the air.

For black grounds, drop ivory-black mixed with dark colored anime varnish is used; for colored grounds, the ordinary painter's colors, ground with linseed oil or turpentine, and mixed with anime varnish. The colors most in use are white lead, cobalt-blue, yellow, vermilion (used more particularly to imitate tortoise-shell), Indian red, verdigris, umber, and the intermediate tints produced by mixing two or several of them together. The varnishes most used are anime and copal. The grounds and varnishes are generally laid on with painting brushes, or flat brushes, made of fine soft bristles. Tin-plate articles intended for japanning, are first thoroughly cleansed from every trace of grease that may adhere to them, with turpentine or spirits of tar, then rubbed with sandpaper. They are then ready to receive the first coat, after which they are thoroughly dried in the stove.

For black japanned works, the ground is prepared with a coating of black made as just now stated, by mixing drop ivory-black with dark colored anime varnish, which gives a blacker surface than would be produced by the japan alone; and the object is then dried in the stove; from three to six coats of japan are afterwards successively applied, the work being always thoroughly dried again in the stove ovens between the laying on of every fresh coat.

For brown japanned works, umber is mixed with the japan to give the required tint, the process in all other respects being the same as for black japanned works.

The colors are protected against atmospheric influences, and made to shine with greater brilliancy, by two or three coats of copal or anime varnish. Superior articles receive as many as five or six coats of varnish, and are finally polished.

The ornamentation of all such articles as come under the head of Toilet Wares, is effected by the ordinary mode of painting with the camel's hair pencil, or some fitting substitute; where imitations of woods or marble is intended, the ordinary grainer's tools are used. Many patterns are produced upon the various articles by "transfer printing."

How to be Eloquent.—The way to be eloquent is to be possessed with truth. Good writing, good speaking, is that which grows directly from the heart, when expression becomes necessary from the fulness of the soul, when religion is a living principle within us, and the discourse is the spontaneous putting forth of this germinating seed—*Channing.*

THE HARVEST-FIELD OF 1861.

BY MRS. JAMES NEALL.

Lo! the fields of Harvest whiten with the heavy bending grain:
Hither bring the patient oxen, yoke them to the empty wain;
Call the Reapers; for the Summer has put on her crown again.

And her minister of Plenty stands with overflowing horn,
While the serried ranks, in waiting, of the fully ripened corn,
Gaily wave their golden tassels in the soft midsummer morn.

Fair Pomona bendeth lowly 'neath the chrism of her hope,
Summer has fulfilled the promise of the Spring-time's horoscope,
For her fruit is ripe and mellow over many a sunny slope.

Rounded are the rich grape clusters, for the vintage time is near,
Let them fall in purple glory when the vintagers appear;
Press the juices warm and glowing from each perfect pulpy sphere.

Lo! the fields of Harvest whiten—and the plains are dry and hot,
And the golden fruit is mildewed, and the grain is garnered not,
And the maidens sit in silence, while the grapes are left to rot.

Listening to the tread of armies, and the clanging noise of War,
Ploughshares into swords are beaten, and the scythe is wet with gore,
For the harvesters are gathered where the smoking cannons roar.

And the reapers reap together, spear on spear-top falling low,
And the serried ranks are parted, be it friend or be it foe,
While the Summer days are waning and the Harvest-moon is low.

And the dust lies on the vintage. Ah! the tendrils torn away,
For the crimson wine is flowing, which no human hand may stay,
And the stain is darkly resting on the sad hearts far away.

Lo! the empty field of Harvest! tread the rank grain in the soil,
Cover all with "dust and ashes," let the gleaners take the spoil,
Call the Mowers and the Reapers, thus to rest them from their toil,

Listening to the glad evangel, "Freedom for the coming years!"
While the nation shouts in triumph. And the broad world rings with cheers
That the Spring-time brings in gladness what the Autumn sowed in tears.

—*California Farmer.*

THE LITTLE WHITE ANGEL.

Some children stood in a group before the door of the village school-house one lovely summer evening. They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hofmeister, to little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

It is very true that Kline wore a velvet jacket, richly embroidered, while Carl's coat was old, and his wooden shoes were rough enough in all conscience. But what of that? If they were good friends, what difference did that make, I should like to know? Wait till children become grown people, for pity's sake, before you expect them to measure each other's worth by what they possess or wear.

"The new schoolmaster, Meinheer Friedrich, comes to-morrow," said Otto. "I am so glad; I am weary of old Master Hoffman, with his crooked problems and hard lessons."

"So was I, truly," said Kline, who, although a good, merry boy, hated his books as he did medicine.

"Ah, thou didst always like play better than work, my Kline," said Max, "and so do I. Meinheer Friedrich will be wise if he keeps thee and me apart during school hours. But come—see which can get home first—one, two, three!" and away they all scampered, laughing and shouting as only school-boys can.

The following day the boys were standing around the school-house, when the door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and cried, in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of books, and then reverently prayed that the dear Savior would guide him in his teachings, and bless them, and send his Holy Spirit to watch over them all.

School began; the thumb-worn books were brought out; the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations; and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they had expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and whilst the children gathered around, he opened it, and drew out charming little white and pink sea-shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statue of an angel. She stood—so fair, so pure—with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her eyes uplifted, and the children gazed enchanted.

"Oh, the dear angel! the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Wilt thou not give it to me, Master Friedrich?"

But the good master smiled and said:

"The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who shall deserve her. He who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth, shall have the angel."

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the good master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtfully.

The next day, after the lessons (which had now become so pleasant) were finished, the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought.

Some of the smaller ones had picked up sparkling stones on the road, and as they held them in the sunlight, were sure they must be something bright and precious.

Some had polished up a shilling till it shone like a little crown; one brought a watch-crystal which his father had given him, and which he considered a wonder of transparent brightness; and Kline, the rich Hofmeister's son, had brought a paste buckle, made to imitate diamonds, than which, in his opinion, nothing could be brighter.

All these things were placed on the master's desk, side by side. The shilling shone away famously; the pebbles and watch-crystal did their best; but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

"Ah, mine's the brightest!" shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

"But where is little Carl?" said Master Friedrich. "He ran out just now."

All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a poor little snow-white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some cruel boys were tormenting it, and I caught it quickly and ran here. Oh, I fear it will die."

Even as he spoke the dove's soft eyes grew filmy, it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, drooped its little head and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the white dove's poor broken wing two tears large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands, and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things, then raising Carl, he softly said, "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a *tender, pitying heart.*"

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel. Then Kline cried out:

"My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"Yes, dear master," said Max, "give us one more trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, dear master," said the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl; then glancing around, he said:

"He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth tomorrow shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied.

After school the next day, Kline was the first to run up to Master Friedrich and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world—his new soldier cap, with the long scarlet feather and bright gold tassel.

Max came next, and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift, with a bright steel watch-chain attached. Otto brought a great picture-book, just sent him by his godmother. Rudolph, a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured; and so on, until a still more motley collection than before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up and placed in the master's hand a pure lily.

The rich perfume filled the room, and bending over the flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance, the master softly said, "My children, the blessed Word of God says, 'Behold the lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose; the children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

And, as before, good Master Friedrich inquired:

"What sayest thou, Carl?" And he answered as before, with generous haste, "Yes, dear Master."

"Now, this is the last time," said the master, "and he who brings me the *best thing on earth* shall have the angel."

"The very best thing on earth is plum-cake," cried Kline, on the third day, as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake, richly frosted, with a wreath of sugar roses around the edge. This he placed triumphantly before the master, sure of the prize.

"Nay, thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max. "I asked my father what was the very best thing on earth, and he gave me this golden guilder. The prize is mine."

"Ah, but my father said that the very best thing was a good glass of Rhenish wine," cried Otto, "and I have brought a bottle of it, thirty years old. The prize is surely mine."

So they went on till all had placed their offerings before the master.

"And thou, Carl," said he, "what hast thou brought which thou thinkest the best on earth?"

A crimson flush rose to the little boy's forehead, and coming softly forward, he took from his breast a *small, worn Testament*, pressed it to his lips, and then reverently laid it down with the rest, as he said, in a low, sweet voice, "My mother, dear master, says that God's precious Testament is far beyond all earthly possessions."

"'Tis thine, my Carl," cried the master, snatching the boy to his breast. "The white angel is thine; for there is nothing in the wide world half so precious as the blessed words of Christ." And he placed the angel in the hands of the trembling boy.

Kline knit his brows, and gazed with anger and disappointment at little Carl; and the rest, seeing him do this, felt themselves aggrieved; but suddenly the cloud cleared from Kline's face, and rushing forward, he caught Carl in his arms, crying, "Forgive me, dear Carl; now I am right glad thou hast won the prize."

Ah, the blessed effect of a bright example! Quickly joining hands, the children danced joyfully around the little Carl, who stood in the midst, the white angel pressed to his heart—his hair falling in curls on his shoulders, and his eyes full of tears.

The good Master Friedrich also wept for joy, and prayed from the depth of his pure and simple heart that the Savior would bless this lesson to the children's everlasting good. He had turned away, that none might perceive his tears.

But One in heaven saw them, Master Friedrich.

A COMPLIMENT TO WHITTIER.

The London *Athenæum*, which abuses American books on principle, and does not say a good word for our authors when it can help it, cannot say anything but praise of Mr. Whittier's last volume, "Home Ballads and Poems." The English critic, usually so surly, says:

"Here is poetry worth waiting for, a poet worth listening to. Mr. Whittier may not ascend any lofty hill of vision, but he is clearly a seer according to his range. His song is simple and sound, sweet and strong. We take up his book as Lord Bacon liked to take up the bit of fresh earth, wet with morning and fragrant with wine. It has the healthy smell of Yankee soil with the wine of fancy poured over it. We get a gush of the prairie breeze, weird whispers from the dark and eerie belts of pine, wafts of the salt sea winds wandering inland, superb scents of the starred magnolias and box-tree blossoming white. We hear the low of cattle, the buzzing of bees, the lusty song of the huskers, brown and ruddy, the drunken laughter of the jolly bob-o-link. Here are green memorials of the New World's spring of promise, golden memorials of her abundance when the horn of autumn is poured into the overflowing lap of man; we see the white horns tossing over the farm yard wall, the cock crowing in the sun with his comb glowing a most vital red, the brown gable of the old barn, roses running up to the eaves of the swallow-haunted homestead, the June sun 'tangling his wings of fire' in the net-work of green leaves, the aronia by the river lighting up the swarming shad, the river full of sunshine, with the bonny blue above the blithe blink of sea in the distance, and many a sight and sound of vernal life country cheer. No American poet has more of the home-made and home-brewed than Mr. Whittier. His poetry is not filtered from the German Helicon; it is a spring fresh from New World nature; and we gladly welcome its 'sprightly runnings.'

"Our Yankee Bard is among poets what Mr. Bright is amongst the peace men. He has the soul of some old Norseman buttoned up under the Quaker's coat, and the great bursts of heart will often peril the hold of the buttons, whilst the speaker, with all his native energy and a manly mouth is 'preaching brotherly love and driving it in.' With him, too, the Norse soul is found fighting for freedom, and he has done good service in making the heart of the North beat quicker for the day when black slavery shall be no more, and in bringing about the present movement, which the hopeful look upon as preparatory to the gathering up of the slave forces for a final flight."

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

Once upon a time, in Barr Glen, on a wild winter's night, a farmer and his family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat-fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the doorways. The farmer knew that his son and the servant-maid were much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting round the fire on that winter's night, he thought of a plan by which the servant-maid should be got rid of; so he said that if, before the next day, she would bring him a skull that was in Saddell church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposal, although it was quite seven miles to Saddell, and the road thereto lay over Beinn-au-Tuirc. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would now be immensely increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and driving snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen torrents. But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone, and that his son did not follow her. The brave girl went over hill and glen, battling with the snow-storm, and tracking her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over the southern side of Beinn-au-Tuirc, and by midnight reached Saddell church. Its door was open, burst open, perhaps, by the violence of the wind. She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she groped toward it in the dark. As she did so she heard a great and peculiar noise, made up, as it seemed, of loud moans. There was a trampling of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious moans and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view; and groping toward the skull, seized it with both hands, and made for the church door. The trampling of feet and the moans continued, and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull she gained the door, and pulled it to after her. As she did so she heard a rush against it; but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's home, and, half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hands, and claimed the fulfilment of his promise. The farmer was taken aback by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would have perished amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddell, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out to Saddell with some of his men, expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull still in its place in the church. When they got there, and had opened the church door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild deer, who, having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl had told him of the sounds she had heard within the church. Here was their cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but to yield with the best grace he might. He gave his consent to the match, and, to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddell church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its old position, and they were married off-hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.—*Glencreggan, or a Highland Home in Cantire, by Cuthbert Bede.*

Small Birds and Smaller Insects.—The subject of birds and insects has been brought formally before the French Senate, and is now before the French government. Learned commissioners have reported upon it, and it is by no means improbable that special legislation will presently follow. The inquiry has been conducted with an elaborate accuracy characteristic of French legislation. Insects and birds have been carefully classified according to their several species; their habits of feeding have been closely observed, and the results ascertained and computed. It has been concluded that by no agency save that of little birds can the ravages of insects be kept down. There are some birds which live exclusively upon insects and grubs, and the quantity which they destroy is enormous. There are others which live partly on grubs and partly on grain, doing some damage, but providing an abundant compensation. A third class—the Birds of Prey—are excepted from the category of benefactors, and are pronounced—too precipitately, we think—to be noxious, inasmuch as they live mostly upon the smaller birds. If the arrangements of nature were left undisturbed, the result would be a wholesome equilibrium of destruction. The birds would kill so many insects that the insects could not kill too many plants. One class is a match for the other. A certain insect was found to lay 2,000 eggs, but a single tom-tit was found to eat 200,000 eggs a-year. A swallow devours about 543 insects a-day, eggs and all. A sparrow's nest in the city of Paris was found